PUGET SOUND: MISSILE TARGET **ROBERT ALDRIDGE**

THE
NATION

FEBRUARY 1, 1975 *50 cents*

The First of a Series

Casing the Democrats:
Senator Jackson Enters Right

ROBERT SHERRILL

DELIBERATE UNEMPLOYMENT ***HELEN GINSBURG***

THE STRATEGY OF MISERY

Sybille Bedford's ***Aldous Huxley*** ***Vivian Mercier***

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LETTERS

battlefield

New York City

In his column of Dec. 21, Lawrence Alloway discusses ecological art. There is a paragraph including comments on the work of Dennis Valinski, then showing at Gallery at 210. We are not complaining that this is a "bad" review . . . but we must protest vigorously the subtly manipulative and denigrative techniques which result in dishonest reporting. . . .

The offenses can be divided into two segments—"the said" and "the unsaid."

The said:

"Dennis Valinski *showed*": The past tense, killing the show off before its life ended on Dec. 31. This is especially distressing and curious since the closing dates of two other shows mentioned in the article are given specifically—and each show ends *earlier* than Valinski's. . . .

"Gauze and twig sculptures": Two pieces are constructed of long, sturdy reed; one is primarily carved lumber; one includes pebbles in gauze pouches; two are mainly of large branches—the twig reference is a belittling term. . . .

"Imagine a battlefield dotted with the wreckage of tanks . . .": Storm King Art Center is discussed and, completely out of context, we have the phrase quoted—an uncalled for, grotesque allusion—all the more so since what was under discussion (the Valinski works) were thin, ethereal veils of color floating in the woods.

We then have a fairly straight piece of reporting describing the piece:

"It resembled . . . nets by which hunters *snare delicious little birds* in 18th-century genre paintings": As if the "tanks" weren't enough to turn people off, we now have another grotesque allusion for concerned ecologists. . . .

Now for the unsaid:

Slide/photo documentation: A most important part of the Valinski show is the sizable group of slides showing his outdoor work. . . . Alloway says that a problem with the ecological works is their remoteness, making it often impossible for many to see them—yet, no mention of the slides. . . . *Dorris Gaines, Director*

New York City

Miss Gaines has been carried away by her amateur ideological reading of my review. The two "death" images are meant to reinforce the difference that I stated between hardware in the open and low visibility nets in, as I said, "the unoccupied zone of Storm King Art Center." Of course, there were other works in the gallery, but I cited the ones I liked best (the gauze and twig ones) to compare with the big outdoor work. To have to look at slides . . . is precisely the access problem I referred to, but I'm sorry I neglected to give the show's closing date. *Lawrence Alloway*

why not?

Silver Spring, Md.

Since Congress and the White House have so far done little to solve our economic and energy problems, here is a proposal which might be considered.

Congress could set up a public corporation, patterned after the TVA, to produce electric power from wind, solar, tidal or geothermal sources. The electricity or the generating plants could be sold to existing investor-owned power companies. . . .

Production of wind-powered or other generating equipment could take much or all of the slack from the ailing automobile and aerospace industries and greatly relieve unemployment. Feeding wind or solar-generated power into existing power grids would reduce dependence on imported oil and reduce the dollar flow from the country. Wind or solar power would be inexhaustible and nonpolluting. . . .

We have the know-how to solve our energy and economic problems. We need only the determination. . . . *Edd Doerr*

EDITORIALS

Scenario for '76

Writing political scenarios is a journalistic game that can occasionally be used to suggest the possible emergence of new relationships and combinations before they actually appear. So here is a scenario for 1976.

The initial premise is that President Ford will not be a candidate for re-election. At the outset, he implied that he intended to serve out his term and then retire to Grand Rapids. His advisers then quickly convinced him that if that was indeed his intention, it should not be announced until much later; premature candor would weaken his influence with the party and the Congress. So he announced, not too emphatically, that he would be a candidate. More recently he added a proviso: he might not be a candidate if his wife's health took a turn for the worse.

The scenario assumes, however, that the decision does not rest with the President. Leaders of the business community are muttering audibly about Ford's capabilities: "He's over his head"; "He isn't up to it." Clark Reed, chairman of Mississippi's Republican Party and head of a GOP group that links thirteen Southern states, was quoted recently in *The Wall Street Journal* as saying: "I like Gerald Ford and I sympathize with him, but he comes in with no base in a tough situation. Through no fault of his own, he just may 'Hoover out,'" meaning leave office in the midst of a deep recession. Then Mr. Reed added: "It's 50-50. . . . Ford just may not run." These misgivings could grow to a chorus. From a "conservative" point of view, whatever that implies today, fate and history have combined to make Ford a patsy. Someone must take the knocks for Nixon's pardon, for hard times, the energy crisis and other matters. Only if he turned in a brilliant performance (and what is less likely?), regained the initiative and convinced the public that he is capable of "inspiring confidence" (the latest Harris poll gives him a 61-to-34 negative rating on that score), could Ford be regarded as a viable GOP candidate.

But there is reason to believe not merely that he never intended to seek the nomination but that he was programmed, so to speak, from the start to pardon Nixon, serve out the term and then hand over to a successor. This is not to imply that he gave Nixon an affidavit in which he swore to issue a pardon in precisely thirty days; the promise was implicit in the situation and the relationship. Ford being an honorable man (or what passes as such among hack politicians), he could be expected to do the honorable thing and pardon the man who had made it possible for him to attain such giddy heights. In a roundup of views on "How Richard Nixon Chose Gerald Ford" [by Lloyd Shearer, *Parade*, January 12], the author concludes: "Nixon knew well that Ford would show his gratitude when the time came. And Nixon was right. . . . Ford pardoned him before he was even convicted of anything. Some veteran politicos and newsmen suggest that Nixon may have erred in choosing Gerald Ford as his successor . . . but all agree to a man that Nixon was right on the mark in choosing Gerald Ford as his personal savior."

Cover illustration: Oliphant, Denver Post

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In any case, whether by choice, negotiation or historical necessity, Ford has been set up to be the fall guy.

The obvious successor is Rockefeller. The right-wing conservative Republicans hate him and will never be reconciled, but they may not be able to block his nomination. At the moment they are shell-shocked and apathetic. In California the movement is at its lowest ebb; observers note that "something is desperately wrong" (Kenneth Reich, the *Los Angeles Times,* December 27). Reagan is not only out of office; he is through in California *Republican* politics. Robert Finch, reading the signs correctly, has announced he will be a candidate for the Republican nomination to run against Sen. John Tunney; by inference Finch feels that only a "liberal" Republican would have a chance of winning. In Texas, Republicanism is reported "pitiably anemic" (Evans and Novak); the plight of the renegade John Connally is even worse than that of Reagan.

Given their spleen, what might right-wing Republicans do if Rockefeller were nominated? They might sponsor a Reagan or a Reagan-Wallace third-party ticket. Sen. James Buckley would shudder at the prospect, but would not be in a position to do much about it. As spoilers, Reagan and Wallace would make a good combination; they might poll 8 or 10 per cent of the vote. Reagan would draw Republican votes, Wallace Democratic, and both have a certain appeal to nonparty types who are disaffected with "the system." (There is precedent for this kind of ticket: in 1924, La Follette was a Republican, Burton K. Wheeler a Democrat; both retained their regular party affiliation.) But the right wing, in its rage, would merely be serving its enemy, for Rockefeller would not get the right-wing votes in any case and a Reagan-Wallace ticket would attract conservative Democratic votes.

The scenario reads that the Democrats are certain to nominate a Southerner for President or Vice President. Askew, Carter, Sanford and Bentsen are prospects. Nomination of any one of these for one of the two top spots would more or less eliminate Wallace as a Democratic prospect and point him toward the third-party track. But the Democrats just might nominate Senator Jackson or Sen. Lloyd Bentsen for President. Jackson and Bentsen are the front runners; both hit the jackpot by putting on intensive drives for campaign funds in the dying weeks of the old political financing law. If either were nominated, then the party would be confronted with serious disaffection and Rockefeller might snare a sizable share of the Democratic-independent vote. (Of course the Democrats could nominate a winning ticket that would unify the party —the party is not without talented contenders—or Senator Kennedy might yield to a draft, but that's another scenario.) The size of the independent vote is a factor that currently worries both major parties. A mid-1974 Gallup poll showed, of a large sample of adults, that 44 per cent identified themselves as Democrats, 33 per cent as independents, and only 23 per cent as Republicans. So the game, particularly for the Republicans, will be to corral as many independent votes as possible.

At the moment, according to the Field poll in California, the independents "lean heavily to the Democratic Party"—not surprising with the Snowman in the White House—but would this be true if Jackson and Rockefeller were the nominees? Some Republicans—the prag-

IN THIS ISSUE

February 1, 1975

EDITORIALS

98

ARTICLES

102 The U.S. at the U.N.: Living with the Majority — *Michael Reisman*

105 Casing the Democrats: Senator Jackson Enters Right — *Robert Sherrill*

111 Puget Sound: Missile Target — *Robert C. Aldridge*

114 Deliberate Unemployment: The Strategy of Misery — *Helen Ginsburg*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

118 Bedford: Aldous Huxley — *Vivian Mercier*

119 Elegy for Jenny (poem) — *Jean Feraca*

120 Cort: The Sin of Henry R. Luce — *Victor S. Navasky*

121 Szasz, ed.: The Age of Madness
Szasz: The Second Sin — *M.E. Grenander*

122 The Hunt (poem) — *Charles Elster*

123 Céline: Rigadoon — *David H. Rosenthal*

124 Art — *Lawrence Alloway*

126 Theatre — *Harold Clurman*

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matists, not the ideologues—feel as they have felt for years, that the Republican Party needs to broaden its appeal, with an eye on blue-collar workers, younger voters, minorities, et al. But it has not been possible for the party to engineer such a change, largely because of a generational time-lag and a dead-weight "conservatism" that really has nothing to do with what a modern conservative party should be. The selection of Sen. Carl T. Curtis of Nebraska as chairman of the Senate Republican Conference over Senator Javits of New York, by a vote of 23 to 14, is an accurate measure of the continuing influence of the old conservatism. Eisenhower, by his personal appeal, succeeded in broadening the base of the party in two elections, but without organizational or structural changes or any substantial change in program. Douglas Halleck, in a thoughtful article on the GOP's "ideological poverty" (*The Wall Street Journal*, January 3), points out that today in many circles the GOP is identified with "the hard-line anti-Communist views of the retired naval community in San Diego," whereas the Democrats are identified, largely by contrast, in these same circles "with all that is new and reasoned." So pragmatic Republicans would no doubt be willing to support Rockefeller and might welcome his nomination as a chance of modernizing the party. Even so his chances would not be bright; much would depend on the character of the Democratic ticket and the general outlook in 1976.

If the Democrats, for example, were to follow the pseudo-wisdom of Scammon-Wattenberg and nominate Jackson and Bentsen, or Bentsen and Dan Walker, or some such ticket, then the "new politics" element in the party might decide to stay home on Election Day or look around for some alternative. It is this possibility, no doubt, that former Sen. Eugene McCarthy and the Committee for a Constitutional Presidency have in mind. In a statement on "The Independent Way" in its bulletin for October, the committee made clear that a third *party* would require formal party organization in each state and would, or might also involve running candidates for local offices and for Congress. "We do not want to go this route," the statement pointed out; "the political parties are overorganized already. . . . The Committee is just an instrument for fielding an independent national ticket and for dealing with issues. Placing an Independent ticket on the ballot requires no party organization; nor does it involve candidates for office other than President and Vice President." So the scenario calls not merely for a third party, Reagan-Wallace, but an independent ticket—Eugene McCarthy for President and his hand-picked nominee for Vice President. This ticket would campaign for a constitutional Presidency free of the untidy necessity of dealing with local committees and candidates and winning concurrence in support of a platform. The platform would be "given," not drafted. The fourth ticket could be expected to pull votes from the Democrats and from independents who might be less than enthusiastic about Rockefeller and might otherwise vote for the Democratic ticket. The effect of such a ticket might well be to help Rockefeller if he should be nominated. Like all scenarios this one is based on some shaky premises but two can be stated with a degree of confidence: that Ford will not be the GOP nominee and that we are likely to see a third party or a fourth ticket in 1976. CAREY MCWILLIAMS

Politics and Trade

The trade agreement negotiated in 1972 between the United States and the USSR was, on balance, advantageous to both sides, which is the only workable basis for understandings of this kind between major powers. It led to a number of valuable exchanges, provided for financing, and resulted in some improvement in trade. One provision that was clearly in our favor was a long-term settlement of the lend-lease debt. The deal was posited on Kissinger's linkage theory, in this instance coupling trade with détente and "peace."

Now the agreement has been formally torpedoed by the Soviets. The reasons are clearly foreshadowed in Prof. Harold J. Berman's *Nation* piece of May 14, 1973. One purpose of the understanding was to induce the Soviet Government to relax its emigration policy. "I share the outrage at the Soviet policy," Berman wrote, "but the weapon is wholly inappropriate. The use of it threatens the whole structure of Soviet-American relations, for it in effect denies the possibility of establishing normal commercial contacts as long as certain basic ideological conflicts remain unresolved."

The agreement encountered obstacles on both sides. The vast Russian grain purchase, while supplies were still plentiful in the United States, was detrimental, if only because when food prices began to rise, many Americans felt that our people had been "taken."

For their part the Russians saw that the American economy was in trouble, with President Ford oscillating between incompatible remedies for simultaneous inflation and recession. So their refusal to go through with the trade agreement may be intended, as a side effect, to aggravate our economic difficulties. But there is also reason to believe that they took offense, and with justification, at the way in which Sen. Henry Jackson sought to make it appear that they were knuckling under to his dictates. The tacit *quid pro quo* for granting most favored nation (MFN) treatment to the Soviet Union was to be assurance of free emigration of Russian Jews to Israel. But in the meantime, Jackson and his Congressional allies sought to raise the ante and impose formal conditions that the Russians could hardly afford to accept, at least not in the form presented. In a separate act, credit was to be extended in the amount of only $300 million. The Soviet leaders have always been sensitive to overt interference in their internal affairs and, in this instance, Jackson's attempts to use the issue of Jewish emigration to enhance his chances for the Democratic nomination in 1976 were ill-advised and tactless.

The Soviets contend, and not without justification, that nondiscrimination in trade has become structured as a tenet of international law. Trade today is international and of global dimensions. We misjudge the situation if we think that for $3 billion or $4 billion in U.S. trade the Russians will permit us to tell them how to run their internal affairs. Their world trade probably totals $40 billion or $50 billion and they can obtain from West Germany and Japan what Senator Jackson won't permit us to sell them except on his terms. Trade should be kept neutral. As Berman pointed out in his prescient article: "Is it not possible for us to behave in a normal way just because that is the normal way to behave? Must

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trade with Communist countries be either demonic or angelic—can it not be just useful for both sides? And must it be either minuscule or gigantic—can it not be just of an ordinary, human size?"

It is true that as trade has been increasingly internationalized, so too has the concern for human rights. But Senator Jackson's solicitude for Jewish emigration is not matched by his sympathy for the victims of the Greek Colonels or the captives of the junta in Chile. Nor does the denial of human rights in the Union of South Africa bring out the crusader in him. Trade can and should continue to expand between the Soviet Union and the United States—and all nations for that matter—as long as it is mutually advantageous. There are many ways in which we can make known our concern about human rights. One would be to adopt a more consistent stand on the issue at the United Nations. At the same time, professional groups in the United States and in Russia can—and should—engage in a frank exchange of views on human rights and related issues. But we should not attempt to retaliate by disrupting a trend toward normalization of trade relations, on a nondiscriminatory basis, from which in the long term real improvement in human rights might flow.

There was no need for Congress to act as it did. The trade agreement was not a treaty; hence did not require ratification. But it did require Congressional authorization to carry out the unconditional extension of the MFN clause which had been denied to the Soviets since 1951. The agreement would then have had three years to run, during which time Congress would have had ample opportunity to observe Russian policy and practice on Jewish emigration. If the USSR did not live up to the implied accords, then Congress could have withdrawn from the President the power to grant MFN treatment. Even now, the new Congress should put aside the conditions it sought to impose, and thus test Moscow's good faith over a limited period. That is what Kissinger set out to do in the first place.

The Soviet's repudiation of the economic agreement need not imply—and probably does not—a disruption of détente, but it is a setback. It is also, at least in the short term, a setback for those Jews in the Soviet Union who want to emigrate to Israel. As Sen. George McGovern points out: "The test of any foreign policy strategy is whether it works. In 1973, nearly 40,000 Jews emigrated from the Soviet Union. By last year that figure had dropped to under 20,000. So . . . from the standpoint of Jewish emigration, the use of public ultimatums instead of diplomacy and negotiation was a failure and represented a lack of basic understanding of the best way to accomplish our objectives." And with the U.S. economy in its present straits, one may well wonder whether we can so cavalierly forgo the possible benefits of enhanced U.S.-Soviet trade.

A final question is whether Senator Jackson has gained or lost, politically, by his determination to interfere with the policy of détente. In our view he has demonstrated once again (see article by Robert Sherrill, this issue p. 105) a conspicuous lack of some of the qualities needed in a President. He engaged in an objectionable demonstration of "showboating," by seizing the occasion of a press conference (which in effect he himself had called) to upstage Kissinger and dramatize himself in the role of the American politician who had brought the Russians to heel. If this did not annoy the Russians, it should have. It has certainly annoyed many Americans and so here may be common ground for a resumption of détente.

HUAC Shelved

Almost thirty years to the day after it had been established as a standing committee on motion of Rep. John Rankin, the House Committee on Un-American Activities (HUAC), known of recent years as the House Internal Security Committee (HISC), has been consigned to limbo, if not actually abolished. HISC's jurisdiction has been transferred to the House Judiciary Committee. Of a staff of thirty or forty, a few will be kept on for the time being—those designated by HISC's chairman Rep. Richard Ichord (D., Mo.)—but there is no implied obligation to retain them. The committee's records, including some 750,000 individual files, will be transferred to Judiciary's custody. This action on the part of the new Congress calls for three cheers—almost.

Almost, because the Senate Judiciary Committee has its own Subcommittee on Internal Security, with staff and files and jurisdiction to inquire, and no move is underway to abolish it, since the foxy chairman, James Eastland, voluntarily cut the subcommittee's budget in half last year. The House debate does not indicate any likelihood that HISC will be set up as a subcommittee. Still, the files remain ticking away, and it is uncertain what will happen to them. Rep. Robert Drinan (D., Mass.), who played a key role in putting HISC to rest, suggests that they should be turned over to Archives and sealed for fifty years. As property of the House they would not be subject to court action under the Freedom of Information Act, but members could request access to a file which some constituent might want to examine. That remains a cranny through which organizations might gain access to a file for the purpose of harassing an individual of whose politics they did not approve.

Defanging HISC was an artful political maneuver for which major credit goes to Reps. Phillip Burton, Don Edwards and Robert Drinan. Edwards and Drinan had sponsored a resolution calling for the transfer and containing an amendment which would limit inquiries to "sabotage and other overt acts affecting internal security"—essentially harmless language, since the House Judiciary Committee probably has such jurisdiction in any case. But Ichord, reading the signs of doom correctly, offered his own resolution calling for transfer, but limiting inquiries to "Communist and other subversive activities affecting the internal security of the United States." As a face-saving device, it was decided to let the chairman abolish his own committee. So his resolution was adopted by voice vote in the caucus and on the floor of the House. We are left with a practical victory of major proportions, but one that is clouded by some uncertainty.

HISC's dismantling did not just happen, nor can it be attributed solely to the post-Watergate environment or to the new members elected to the 94th Congress. It represents fifteen years of hard work by the National

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Committee to Abolish HUAC (after 1969, the National Committee Against Repressive Legislation), directed by Frank Wilkinson, with headquarters in Los Angeles. Wilkinson, a tireless and eloquent opponent of HUAC, had been one of its early victims. The committee was set up largely on the initiative of Aubrey Williams, Alexander Meiklejohn and James Embree. Harvey O'Connor serves as chairman and the committee has been brilliantly advised on constitutional issues by Thomas I. Emerson of the Yale Law School. Robert Walker Kenny, who has just retired as judge of the Superior Court, Los Angeles County, after years of splendid service, was of great help to the committee as treasurer before his appointment to the bench. Kenny, one of counsel to the Hollywood Ten, had acquired special and invaluable insights about the way HUAC functioned. His former associate, Robert Morris, succeeded him as treasurer. To these individuals, and to other members and supporters of the committee, special thanks are due. HISC's guns have been spiked largely by their efforts.

THE U.S. AT THE U.N.

LIVING WITH THE MAJORITY

MICHAEL REISMAN

Yasir Arafat had slipped back into the shadows of the Levant, the South Africans had withdrawn to Pretoria, and the traumatic drama of the 29th session of the General Assembly seemed to have passed into history. On December 6, the lightly attended meeting was droning through a concluding item on the agenda of debate, a genre piece entitled "Strengthening the Role of the United Nations," when U.S. Ambassador John Scali stepped to the rostrum and delivered a slashing attack on the General Assembly. Scali seemed to be threatening the majority in a variety of ways, intimating reduced U.S. activity in the organization and even more. The edge of his words was sharpened by the rumor, later confirmed, that the United States would neither contribute to nor participate in a new fund for aid to the neediest countries.

There were curious inaccuracies and slights in the U.S. speech. Scali blasted "one-sided, unrealistic resolutions" which "represent the views of a numerical majority of the day," but do not speak for a "more general global consensus." One-sided and unrealistic resolutions are, of course, resolutions you disagree with; challenging the validity of a "numerical majority of the day" by reference to a "more general global consensus" (which you alone understand) is simply Spiro Agnew's old "silent majority."

The American Ambassador excoriated the Assembly for passing resolutions which could not be implemented, thereby weakening the authority of the U.N., but passed silently over the fact that U.S. compliance with these resolutions, in addition to being part of "the rules of the game," would be a very major factor in their effectiveness. As an example of the tyranny of the majority and its insensitivity to the minority, he cited the Assembly's suspension of South Africa for the session, but failed to note that South Africa was in persistent breach of U.N. obligations, could properly be expelled under Article 6 of the Charter, that such expulsion was demanded by general global opinion and would have been effected but for the veto. If anyone was insensitive in that instance, it was Mr. Scali.*

The major point in Scali's speech was directed against constitutional change within the U.N. "The United Nations Charter," the Ambassador said, "was designed to insure that the important decisions of this Organization reflected real power relationships and that decisions, once adopted, could be enforced." This is, of course, a truism of any political or legal system. The deeper plaint in Scali's words was not that the U.N. is straying from the realities of effective power in the world but that patterns of effective power have changed radically and that the practices of the General Assembly are beginning to change accordingly. The "new majority" in the General Assembly is a manifestation of new, if tentative, power relations in the world political arena.

The basic separation of powers within the U.N., hammered out by the great powers at Dumbarton Oaks and Yalta, put real decision-making competence in the Security Council, with each of the five permanent members retaining a veto right over any decision against its interests. The General Assembly, in which all members of the U.N. had an equal vote, was limited to a recommending role. Much of this division was a response to Soviet demands; in the political context of that day, the United States did not need a veto right, for it could muster a majority in both the Council and the Assembly for issues it deemed crucial.

In the first decade, the Soviet veto in the Security Council proved to be a major impediment for U.S. policy. Not surprisingly, the United States led the movement to "democratize" the U.N. by trying to shift matters which the U.N. Charter had given to the Security Council to the General Assembly, where the principle of popular majority rather than superpower veto prevailed. The Soviet

Michael Reisman, a professor of law at the Yale Law School, is the author of The Art of the Possible: Diplomatic Alternatives in the Middle East *(Princeton University Press).*

* The nominal justification for the U.S. veto was that South African compliance with U.N. decisions could more easily be secured if it were not expelled. True to this theory, our government shortly afterward joined others in the Security Council and voted to compel South Africa to cease its violation of U.N. resolutions and to quit the former mandated territory of Namibia or South-West Africa. To no one's surprise (but Washington's), the Pretorian government announced, in effect, that it would sooner leave the United Nations!

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Union was the major proponent of constitutional fidelity and "strict construction."

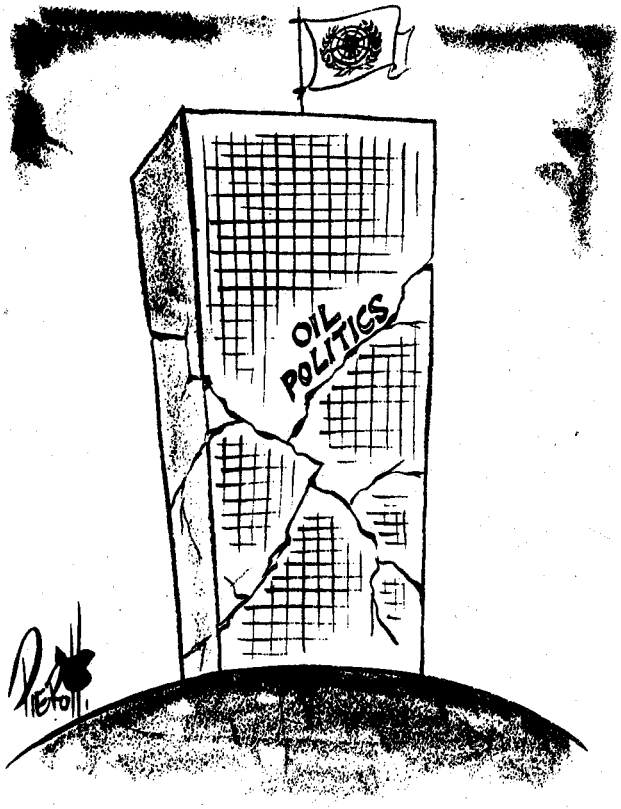
U.S. efforts were most evident in two dramatic initiatives: membership and security. The Charter had established that admission of new members to the U.N. would be effected "by a decision of the General Assembly upon the recommendation of the Security Council." When the Soviet Union in the Security Council persistently vetoed recommendations of pro-Western states for admission, the United States supported a move to shift the admissions power to the Assembly. The initiative was referred to the International Court where it was rejected.

In the security area the United States moved in 1947 to establish an Interim Committee of the General Assembly to circumvent the Soviets in the Security Council. But the major innovation was stimulated by the Korean War. It was only because the Soviet Union was boycotting the Council in 1950 that the United States was able to secure Council approval for what was in fact Western action in Korea. When the USSR realized its blunder, it hurried back to the Council, making plain that this error would not be repeated. To circumvent future Soviet obstruction, the Department of State under Dean Acheson formulated the "Uniting for Peace" Resolution, which purported to authorize the Assembly to exercise Security Council powers when the Council was blocked by a veto. "Uniting for Peace" was an extraordinary attempt at constitutional change within the United Nations and proved an important base for U.N. action in the Congo, the Middle East and in Cyprus. Though a radical amendment of the Charter, it was in effect confirmed by the International Court as consistent with the principles of the Charter. As long as the United States could command a majority in the Assembly, "Uniting for Peace" and the general shift of competence made the U.N. a useful policy instrument against the Soviet Union. It became fashionable for American diplomats and scholars to speak approvingly of "democratizing" trends in the world organization.

A basic shift in international politics became evident in the 1960s. A group of at times as many as seventy states began to coalesce and act, independent of U.S. influence in many matters, in certain cases voting against the United States. For a short time, it looked as if the Soviet Union was about to become the beneficiary of the "democratizing trend." After denouncing "Uniting for Peace," for more than fifteen years, Russia itself invoked the resolution in a special U.N. session following the Arab defeat in the Six Day War.

At this point, the United States succeeded the Soviet Union as the champion of strict construction of the Charter. We cast our first veto in 1969. Instead of applauding "democratizing trends" American diplomats and scholars began to speak of Assembly "irresponsibility."

Soviet hopes for control of the Assembly were short-lived. While the Assembly sometimes voted with the USSR, it also voted with the United States. After 1972, China sought leadership of the Assembly, but ineptly and without marked success. The permanent members of the Security Council witnessed a "runaway" General Assembly. With an oligarchy of power established, if tenuously, by



détente, both the United States and Russia rediscovered a common reverence for the "language of the Charter."

If our problems arise not in the U.N. but in the power process, perhaps power is the answer. Scali's speech of December 6 may be seen as part of a series of ambiguous but ominous U.S. pronunciamentos, beginning with Kissinger's U.N. speech of September 23 and Ford's Detroit "energy" speech that week. In these and succeeding statements, U.S. officials have deplored certain foreign activities, often intimating portentously that there were some things a nation would go to war for rather than suffer.

Diplomatic communications are designed for multiple audiences. This flow of messages probably aims at testing Soviet and European response, shaping U.S. public opinion, assuaging the anti-U.N. lobby and, of course, intimidating the U.N. majority. But the very repetition suggests a certain weakness. America's diminished image after its withdrawal from Vietnam, the depreciation of internal leadership and the loss of clarified national objectives, global interdependence and the rise of the multinationals, nuclear proliferation, the comparative decline of American sea power and the new potentials for cartelized resource diplomacy seem to be moving Third World nations to a profoundly different assessment of Western will and power. Ironically, the dialectics of détente, essentially a bilateral accord stimulated by the mutual interests of the superpowers, have provided curious opportunities for more vigorous independent action by many smaller states.

But détente also sets potential limits. If it has offered the Third World some leeway for action independent of the superpowers, it also offers the superpowers new possibilities for coercive influence. In the past, superpower rivalry has set severe restraints on the action which either

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the United States or the Soviet Union could undertake. Direct or proxy interventions by one power which appeared likely to endanger the strategic balance would call forth resolute counteraction. Détente lays the groundwork for a new superpower oligarchy and complex geopolitical trade-offs may be underway. Without the restraint of a rival, the use of military force would have strong appeal as a way to resolve the oil crisis and discipline the "uppity" new majority of the world.

The recent revelations of Mr. Kissinger's role in the Chilean affair suggest that he is quite capable of this sort of action. The rapid rearmament of Israel and the comparative unpreparedness of Egypt for military engagement, as well as the general (sometimes fostered) impression in the West that Arab oil diplomacy is the cause of our own economic dislocations, are important settings for the scenario. Increasingly ominous statements by Kissinger and Ford almost seem designed to increase tolerance of international violence on the part of both the U.S. public and the Soviet leaders.

Alas, the dinosaur. Excessive strength seems to encourage neural atrophy. Over the years, our power has been so great that our negotiating skills have withered. Indeed, one of the costs of the CIA, Marchetti and Marks observe, has been the disincentive to negotiate: why negotiate and make concessions if a secret army can impose your will? The Ford-Kissinger muscle flexing, for all its assertive *machismo*, betrays a distressing flabbiness between the ears. A "police action" for one resource in one part of the world, even assuming it succeeded and could be sustained, cannot change the most urgent demands of vast masses of people about the globe for control over their resources and a share of the world's wealth. Nor can it address the complex of economic problems endemic to industrial and technological societies. Current world economic problems antedate OPEC's promiscuous avarice and the bloated profits of Western oil companies. Intervention might beguile domestic attention with a short-term illusion of decisive leadership; it might also destroy the U.N. But it is unlikely to destroy the majority or really change the political environment.

For what is happening in the United Nations in great part reflects general political trends, much as earlier changes in U.N. Charter practice reflected a different power constellation. The most "radical" Assembly resolutions of the 29th session either had considerable Western (and perhaps even U.S.) support or had already manifested themselves in a variety of other decisions taken in and outside of the United Nations. Arafat's invitation to address the Assembly was passed by 105 to 4 with twenty abstentions. Many Western European and Latin American states voted for it. M. Sauvagnargues, the French Foreign Minister, had publicly met with Arafat several weeks before the vote. (Indeed, the magnitude of the Kissinger myth is so great that many at the U.N. believe Washington was not really dissatisfied with the Arafat invitation and that it would not have been extended if we had really objected.) Nor are the radical economic resolutions as novel as depicted. The policies implicit in them are to be found in recent arbitral awards (delivered in some cases by Western European judges) and are reflected in the settlements, increasingly unsatisfactory to Western investors, of various expropriation claims. Ambassador Scali's speech referred to "one-sided" resolutions, "sometimes adopted by Assembly majorities which represent only a small fraction of the people of the world, its wealth, or its territory." This skewed perception of events is funny and sad, and somehow characteristic of our diplomats. Whether or not the decisions are wise, they are in fact adopted by majorities representing the greater part of humanity, its territory and its wealth.

The actual power base of the new majority is as yet unclear, but the basic contours have emerged both in the world arena and in the U.N. If legislation involves the modulation of symbols, which then change behavior in prescribed ways, the new majority is plainly not a paper tiger, roaring out "unrealistic resolutions that cannot be implemented." Quite the contrary, Scali's speech designated three major areas as constituting "the most important, the most controversial, and the most vexing issues of our day; the global economic crisis, the turmoil in the Middle East and the injustice in Southern Africa." The 29th session of the General Assembly has been extraordinarily effective in each of them. South Africa will surely be banished from the U.N. if it does not make significant changes in its racial policies. The legitimacy and urgency of Palestinian claims are enormously strengthened, in large part because of the General Assembly; even an interim settlement without the Palestinians would now seem inconceivable. The demands of the poorer states of the world for a new economic order have taken on more consistency, intensity and legitimacy.

The wisdom of these various resolutions is debatable—any political choice is debatable. Though hardly models of draftsmanship, I believe that some of them are basically sound steps toward minimum world order. Some of the economic resolutions approach the fantastic, but in the context of customary commercial law, which itself has been rather rigidly one-sided, the very extremism of the innovations may introduce a measure of balance. Many of these resolutions will be disruptive in at least the short term; virtually all social changes are. As with all social experiments, some will fail. But it is most important to notice that none of these initiatives really originated in the 29th session of the General Assembly. Each was the result of political dynamics that preceded this meeting and it is a fair bet that each would have developed without the Assembly. The U.N. is not world politics; it is a small part of world politics.

Diminished U.S. participation in the U.N. is not likely to deflect the basic trends in the world political process. A U.S. walkout in 1975 would hurt us just as much as a Soviet walkout hurt them twenty-five years ago. Destruction of the United Nations might punish some. Small countries, as most Western speakers in the Assembly debate pointed out, have found the United Nations an extremely convenient forum for their diplomatic programs. But with the new majority, the Western states themselves may find the U.N. a most useful forum for conducting both bilateral and multilateral diplomacy; they would suffer much more by the absence of the U.N. than would those they seek to punish. One way or the other, the United States is going to have to learn to live with the majority. □

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CASING THE DEMOCRATS

SENATOR JACKSON ENTERS RIGHT

ROBERT SHERRILL

Washington

The general public is not now and never has been much interested in the junior Senator from the State of Washington. When Henry (Scoop) Jackson bombed in his attempt to win the 1972 Democratic Presidential nomination, he said it was because the public didn't recognize his name. He blamed "lack of visibility" for his miserable showing.

For a man who had been in Congress since 1940 and in the Senate since 1953, who had been chairman of the Senate Interior and Insular Affairs Committee since 1962, and altogether had held assignments on more important committees (including Armed Services and Atomic Energy) than any other member of the Senate, those public relations excuses were themselves a confession of how little he had accomplished and how little leadership he had shown. However, in the last two years he has done what he wasn't able to do in the previous thirty-two: he got a few people to know his name. He has not achieved this, however, by a sudden burst of legislative accomplishments but as an outright gift from the press.

Indeed, the press's zeal for building Senator Jackson into an early Presidential front runner may at times look like a conspiracy—I get that paranoid reaction every time I see *The Washington Post* giving even his most melancholy burp at least 3 inches of space. But in fact it is probably nothing more than a sign that the times are lean for political feature writers.

One Presidential campaign is hardly over before they feel obliged to start grinding out long-winded guesses about who will be the strong contenders next time. Lately, it has been rough going. Ford's announcement of his candidacy in 1976 virtually blocked speculation about competition on the Republican side. With Kennedy at least temporarily out, and Mondale permanently out, the feature writers were left sucking air on the liberal side—which is still the more powerful side of the Democratic Party. They could not retain much pride and write with seriousness about Pat Brown, Jr. or John Glenn or Hugh Carey, all being in the fourth month of gestation; and even Morris Udall is hardly hatched.

So the writers are stuck for the moment with the reactionary Democratic contenders, and that is where Senator Jackson comes in. He is a reactionary on the most important issues of our time—the making of war and the making of foreign policy—and he cheerfully encourages being identified in that way. A couple of years ago he was asked why people thought of him as a right-wing Democrat. He answered: "It's obvious that whether you're a conservative or a liberal, so to speak, depends on your stand on defense and foreign policy. All other matters are exclusionary, and that is the sole test. And if you applied these tests retroactively, John Kennedy and Harry Truman and Franklin Roosevelt would be arch-reactionaries."

That's a clever, associative way for Jackson to make his sins seem virtuous, but his previous experiences as a Presidential candidate would indicate that he must find some other way to be linked to Roosevelt, Truman and Kennedy. In 1972, when Vietnam was the top issue among Democrats and Jackson was the only candidate (other than the sometimes Democratic Wallace) to support the war wholeheartedly, he made such a poor showing as to justify John Kenneth Galbraith's appraisal: "I have difficulty taking Scoop Jackson seriously as a candidate. No one is going to be nominated who doesn't win primaries. I wouldn't think that on present form he could get by any such contest except in the state of Washington. In the past, to be tied to one war has been fatal; it is Scoop's misfortune that he is tied to two—the one in Vietnam and the cold war as well."

The press, until very recently, showed a similar reluctance to take Jackson seriously. In 1972, it treated him as a kind of high-class Sam Yorty. Typically, on the night of the Florida primary, where Jackson placed third behind Wallace and Humphrey, neither NBC nor CBS considered him worth inviting to appear on their election return "Special Reports." And the next day the *Milwaukee Sentinel*, the largest morning newspaper in Wisconsin, where Jackson was to make his next bid, headlined the Florida results: "Wallace Wins in Florida—Humphrey Second; Muskie Fourth."

Having conducted himself neither with dignity nor imagination in Florida, where he tried to steal Wallace's support on the bussing issue ("Wallace would remove the school bus batteries," he said, "while I would offer a constitutional amendment guaranteeing freedom of choice"), he came away from that encounter with 13 per cent of the vote. Not bad for the first time out.

But Jackson did not wear well. The more he exposed himself, the more votes he lost. Neither his modified racism nor his appeal to the defense-aerospace work force nor his "I'm more Jewish than a Jew" appeal to Jews served him well in Wisconsin, his next and last primary stop, where he polled only 8 per cent, putting him in a weak fifth position, one point ahead of the will-o'-the-wisp John Lindsay. If Jackson is remembered at all in Wisconsin, it is because he traveled with a Seattle accordionist, Stan Boreson, who stood on street corners playing *On Wisconsin* to drum up a crowd, and then regaled the folks with Scandinavian jokes until Jackson was ready to come on and dampen their spirits with what everybody agrees is the dreariest speaking style in contemporary politics.

The only things that made Jackson remarkable in the 1972 primaries were his ability to raise money—reportedly more than $1 million for two primaries—and his refusal to disclose where he got it. He was, and remains,

Robert Sherrill's latest book is The Saturday Night Special *(Charterhouse Books).*

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the only candidate in that election who would not identify his backers. Ben Franklin, a reporter for *The New York Times,* caught a Boeing Company official campaigning for Jackson and "using travelers checks issued by Boeing to buy pro-Jackson newspaper advertisements in Wisconsin newspapers," although the federal Corrupt Practices Act outlawed the expenditure of corporation money in an election or primary.

When he was on the job back in Seattle, this same Boeing fellow supervised company expenditures for a $1 billion Air Force procurement program for airborne radar patrol aircraft—something which Jackson, as a member of the Senate Armed Services Committee, had helped bring into being. Neither the Boeing official, who claimed he had never heard of the Corrupt Practices Act, nor Jackson was very contrite. "He spent $299.62. Is that a federal crime?" asked Jackson. "Does that sound like a big Boeing plot to swing the election?" The answer to the first question was yes, to the second no. But it didn't matter, anyway, because Jackson was washed up for the nonce.

Now he is back again, and suddenly he is referred to as "the most powerful Democrat in the country," and a "super Senator" of the Lyndon Johnson genre. In the June *Fortune*, Juan Cameron follows the crowd with a description of Jackson as one of the Senate's "most powerful and most respected members." Cameron, like almost every biographer of Jackson in the last year, went on to say that a group of legislative assistants in the Senate had voted him "the most effective" Senator.

That last point, like everything else that has been said lately about the importance of Jackson, needs to be put into perspective. Aside from the fact that rating the most effective Senator is somewhat like rating the liveliest mummy, it should be pointed out that only seventy-four of 100 legislative aides responded to the poll conducted by Capitol Hill News Service, a Nader outfit; only twenty-four of the seventy-four aides rated Jackson most effective, which did give him a plurality but hardly a runaway acclamation. Furthermore, the only thing that the poll really showed was that legislative aides, like their employers, tend to think in clichés. If they read it in the press, they believe something and perpetuate it. Thus, Senators Gravel of Alaska, Scott of Virginia and Hartke of Indiana tied for "least effective," while Scott won a second crown as "least bright" and Hartke as having "least integrity"; Javits was voted "brightest," Byrd of West Virginia "hardest working," and Hart "most integrity." All of that is, to put it as kindly as possible, the same old stuff.

I pause here briefly to weigh the "effectiveness" of Jackson's career in recent months.

¶He is chairman of the Senate's Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations, the vehicle which Sen. Joseph McCarthy rode into the headlines and which Jackson has attempted to use in the same way. Recently, Los Angeles detectives caught two members of an organized crime syndicate that was allegedly trying to defraud the city of Los Angeles out of $2.5 million. The tip on the operation had come from Jackson's subcommittee.

But Jackson was so eager to take credit for the arrests that he broke the news of the case before cops had rounded up all the suspects. Dist. Atty. Joseph Busch said Jackson's publicity stunt had probably crippled any chance of really breaking the mob.

¶Last July, Jackson announced that he was going to clean up the special schools that leached off the Pentagon's $500 million Civilian Health and Medical Program. These are schools which put up with the "disturbed" children of servicemen. The tuition per child can run $10,000 a year or more; it's a field that could be vulnerable to quacks. But despite a hasty search for villainous schools, Jackson could find only two that he deemed worthy of his criticism, and only one of these—Green Valley of Orlando, Fla.—lent itself to headline material.

At Green Valley, the methods of instruction and punishment were unorthodox. For example, one boy who had been caught stealing money from an Episcopal Church and trying to rape a girl was made to sleep a couple of nights in a shallow grave: symbolic, the headmaster said, of the death of the boy's soul. Mild electric prods were also sometimes used to control the more unruly kids.

It really wasn't much, but Jackson made the most of it, and *The Washington Post* was strangely cooperative. The treatment at Green Valley, said Jackson, reminded him of what he had seen at Buchenwald. Embracing such quotes, and augmenting them, the *Post* gave Jackson's hearings generous space on the front or second or third pages for four days straight. Big stuff. Or was it?

What the public didn't know because neither Jackson nor the *Post* disclosed it, though they were both aware of it, was that everything "revealed" in the Jackson hearings, and more, had been elaborately detailed in the Miami *Herald* two and a half years earlier and in the St. Petersburg, Fla. *Times* two years earlier, and by a Florida legislative hearing as early as 1969. It was old, old stuff. So old, in fact, that the school which so incensed Jackson and for whose exposure the *Post* had sacrificed so much of its space *had been out of business for seven months.*

¶In 1973 Jackson cranked up a flamboyant set of hearings to reveal the invasion of Wall Street by organized criminals. Indeed, Jackson claimed the underworld had stolen as much as $50 billion worth of stock certificates. He promised to get to the bottom of it. But he didn't. And as public attention slipped away and his frustration increased, he opened his hearings to more and more shady witnesses, to wilder accusations. Finally came the day when a cooperative professional criminal, Louis F. Mastriana, right out there in a public session of the Jackson subcommittee, declared that none other than Elliott Roosevelt, son of FDR, had once been his partner in some stolen stock sales and had tried to hire him to assassinate the Prime Minister of the Bahamas. Socko! It got a great splash on evening TV, but as you might expect Elliott wasn't a very good sport about it. He complained —when, after considerable expense and trouble, he finally got his day before the subcommittee—that Mr. Mastriani had perpetrated a hoax. And it was certainly true that Jackson's staff never proved Mastriani's charge; in fact, they never revealed much that wasn't already known: that anybody who serves as Mayor of Miami Beach, as Elliott had done, is just naturally going to know a lot of seedy characters, since that's the kind who own many of the major hotels and restaurants in that town.

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¶When the Nixon administration commuted the prison sentence of Angelo DeCarlo, an alleged Mafia chieftain serving twelve years for extortion, Senator Jackson proclaimed, "Something smells and I want to know what." He vowed that his Permanent Investigations Subcommittee would leave no stone unturned. End of that story.

¶In 1972 the U.S. Department of Agriculture permitted some American grain speculators to sell a great deal of wheat to the Soviet Union, thus creating a shortage in this country and triggering a round of sharp inflationary prices which are still sending out shock waves. Jackson, saying he was "sickened" by the duplicity and greed of the grain merchants, brought his Investigations subcommittee into the act. But he showed much more reluctance and much less thoroughness in digging into the mess than did the House Agriculture Committee or, for that matter, one man, James Trager, who uncovered more details for his book *Amber Waves of Grain* than did all the investigators on Jackson's subcommittee staff. Furthermore, the subcommittee's report was not published for nearly a year after the hearings.

¶It would be unfair to blame Jackson alone for Congress' unwillingness to cope with the energy problem, but it is completely fair to point out that the Senate Interior Committee, which he chairs and from which very little emerges without his approval, has jurisdiction over energy-related legislation. And so far it has done nothing to meet the nation's immediate and most pressing energy needs. Since Jackson pretends, for the sake of national publicity, to embody the Interior Committee, he must also accept the embodiment of its failures and defects.

Nothing has been done, by Jackson or his committee, to roll back petroleum prices. Nothing has been done to control the profits of oil companies. Nothing has been done to guarantee the survival of the small oil companies and the independent retail dealers. To be sure, the one feeble effort along those lines was approved by Jackson's committee and passed by Congress; it was then vetoed by President Nixon, but Jackson hardly came storming back with determination to prevail on behalf of the consumer. It should be pointed out, furthermore, that the legislation Nixon vetoed would simply have held oil prices at the outlandishly high level prevailing today. Jackson *called* it "price rollback" legislation, but it rolled back nothing of any consequence.

To a great extent, that has been Jackson's record in regard to "controlling" the industry. He has given it pretty much what it wanted. He was one of the leaders in pushing the trans-Alaska pipe line through Congress, and when environmentalists—his old allies in the days when he was fighting for the National Environmental Policy Act—tried to block construction, Jackson denounced them as extremists.

A more recent example of Jackson's easy capitulation to industry's desires was in the way he accepted President Ford's appointment of Robert Seamans, Jr. as chief of the Energy Research and Development Administration. Seamans was Secretary of the Air Force when Ernest Fitzgerald was fired for telling the truth about the $2 billion overrun in the costs of the C-5A. Seamans approved the firing. Seamans also brought to flower the unbelievably expensive B-1 bomber program. He was not an efficient bureaucrat. He was not a forthright civil servant.

As administrator of the new energy research and development program, he will supervise billions of dollars in federal procurement and in allocations for research. Considering Seamans' pro-industry record, it is not a comforting thought. Sen. William Proxmire wanted to confront Seamans with a host of questions about his past iniquities when the former Pentagon baron came up for confirmation before Jackson's Interior Committee. Proxmire compiled a list of tough questions and gave them to Jackson, suggesting that he hit Seamans with them. Instead, Jackson turned the confirmation hearing into a love feast and told Seamans he could answer Proxmire's questions later in writing, at his leisure. To complete the cozy arrangement, Seamans was confirmed by the Senate without a single word of debate.

But if his Interior Committee has done little to meet the contrived energy crisis, Jackson himself has profited greatly from the constant hearings he has held on the subject. The high point of his publicity came, however, not from business before the Interior Committee, but from the circus atmosphere created in the Permanent Investigations Subcommittee when Jackson summoned top officials of seven of the largest oil companies to appear and be questioned in January of last year. That was at the height of the energy shortage hysteria: gas stations were closing at one in the afternoon, if they had opened at all; cars were running out of gas halfway to town; plane schedules were being curtailed for lack of fuel. "People," as Jackson announced with the awareness of a showman who knows his audience, "are frightened."

What a marvelous opportunity for headlines. There they sat—officials from Exxon, Gulf, Shell, Texaco, Amoco, Mobil, and Standard of California—being pelted by the pious questioning of Senators who, to hear them talk, had only recently become aware that there were such things as international oil companies. They were, on the whole, the dumbest and most unproductive hearings on a major topic to be heard or seen on Capitol Hill in a decade, full of such ignorant and elementary questions as this, by Sen. Abraham Ribicoff:

> *Ribicoff*: Exxon is part of Aramco, is it not?
> *Roy Baze* (senior vice president of Exxon): Yes, it is.
> *Ribicoff*: Is Texaco part of Aramco?
> *Annon Card* (senior vice president of Texaco): Yes.
> *Ribicoff*: Is Gulf part of Aramco?
> *Z.D. Bonner* (president of Gulf Corp.): No.
> *Ribicoff*: Is Mobil?
> *Allen Murray* (vice president of Mobil): Yes.

Et cetera. Now, the membership in Aramco is not a closely guarded secret and Ribicoff could have found his answers in the simplest petroleum encyclopedia. But it is perhaps too much to expect that even the most primitive ingenuity be shown on Capitol Hill. In any event, the subcommittee, encouraged and abetted by Jackson, went on interminably asking trivial and silly questions of the seven cornered corporate executives. The Senators were totally incompetent to cope with any substantial data. At one point, when the oil execs had led him up to his knees in the swamp of industry statistics, Jackson backed fran-

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tically away, saying, "I think I'll leave that to the CPAs." The subcommittee's lack of preparation and Jackson's orchestration of the proceedings made the hearings a disaster, both in soliciting information from the oil men and in reaching any reasonable conclusions. It was the best chance anybody around Washington had had for putting the oil execs on the spot, and Jackson muffed it.

Oddly, the general press wasn't critical. Odder still was that the most intelligent criticism came from one of the oil men, Harry Bridges, president of Shell Oil: "Conducting the hearings with representatives of seven competing companies appearing as a panel of witnesses, rather than individually, was not the most appropriate procedure to be followed, particularly as each of the companies has its own unique operations, structure, problems and views."

With each member of the subcommittee allowed only fifteen or twenty minutes to ask questions, Bridges noted, a Senator couldn't ask any one witness more than two or three questions. And if Gulf gave a general answer that didn't apply to Shell, that left Shell "faced with the choice of either interrupting the questioner and infringing upon his limited time, or seeking in vain (as I found myself doing on several occasions during the hearings) to catch the attention of the interrogator by raising of the hand. Such would not be the case if witnesses appeared individually."

An excellent point. Why didn't Jackson call them in one at a time, giving each executive one or two days of grilling, putting together a rich profile of each company's operations? Why herd them in, all seven, kicking up dust and breathing hard, bawling and running in circles, like cattle at a roundup? Because there is more drama to be had from seven bulls in one ring. How vigorously bold Jackson could appear on evening TV, confronting seven, yahooing his denunciations.

He had told them to bring certain information about their profits and production with them, but they hadn't. How dared they disobey him? How dared they sit there looking so smug? Their profits were "obscene" and they knew it. They should be ashamed! They were guilty of "blatant . . . corporate disloyalty to the United States."

On and on he raged, always well within range of the TV cameras. But as Christopher Lydon mused in *The New York Times*:

> Not the least of Senator Jackson's political hurdles may be reconciling his tone of shock and outrage before the oil executives not long ago with his long familiarity with oil and his sometimes closeness to the industry.
>
> His 1972 Presidential campaign, for example, received a $10,000 contribution from the Gulf Oil Corporation—an illegal corporate gift that was later returned. Last year Senator Jackson managed the bill that authorized the Alaska pipe line, a project dear to the industry.
>
> Yet if past performance is a guide, he will find ways of roughing up the oil industry in public now and again without breaking, or even concealing, a working relationship with industry leaders.

Lydon made those comments last February. Since then new evidence has come out to show just how right he was. Aside from the $10,000 from Gulf, other contributions to Jackson uncovered in the Senate Watergate investigation include $225,000 from oil millionaire Leon Hess, board chairman of Amerada Hess Corp., who disguised his secret donations under the names of other persons, including an elderly widow in Florida; $50,000 from Walter R. Davis, an oil operator in Midland, Texas; $15,000 from E. Edmund Miller of Beverly Hills, Calif., president of Time Oil; $8,000 from executives of Kerr-McGee, and $2,000 from Robert O. Anderson, chairman of Atlantic Richfield. Atlantic Richfield is one of the beneficiaries of the Alaska pipe line for which Jackson fought so hard. Hess is another beneficiary.

But quite apart from his hollow Senate record of recent months, which is, after all, no more hollow than the record of most other Senators, Jackson's main problem in winning the heart of the American people is his image. At 62, he is beginning to sag; not badly as yet, but it shows. Most critically for one who would look into the voter's face at close range via TV, Jackson is (according to Sally Quinn) suffering from the same muscular ailment that afflicts Onassis. As a result, his eyelids droop, particularly his left eyelid. At the Democratic convention in Kansas City, he reportedly showed up with two black eyes, occasioned by his having his eyelids stitched open. His worst performances inspire such descriptions as this from Garry Wills—"Jackson's dewlapped and droopy-lidded soporific delivery."

Worse, however, is Jackson's growing reputation for mean bullying. Cameron reported in *Fortune*:

> The savvy, unemotional manner that has been his trademark as a Senator is now often marred by snappishness or bombast. When a nationally known economist met with Jackson to discuss economic issues not long ago, the Senator lectured the professor who came to instruct him. On meeting another Senator afterward, the economist was asked whether he had managed to get a word in edgewise. Business executives also comment on Jackson's compulsion to talk instead of listen; when they come to lobby the Senator, they wind up being lobbied by him. Even his colleagues, reluctant to criticize a fellow Senator, say that recently Jackson has become more dictatorial in committee—"impossible to deal with at times," says one Republican.

In his profile of Jackson in *The Atlantic*, Daniel Yergin reports, "When tension, pressure, and the stakes rise, Jackson becomes a tough, stubborn player. He and his aides may feel that he does not lose his temper, but those who have felt his wrath say otherwise. Just before the Senate vote on the Anti-Ballistic Missile program in 1969, Jackson grabbed Sen. Mike Gravel by the arm in the cloakroom. 'You're through in the Northwest if you don't vote with us,' Jackson told him. . . . When three Senators on the Interior Committee endorsed Edmund Muskie in January 1972, a senior staff assistant of Jackson's from the Interior Committee was on the phone to the Senators' offices almost immediately: 'Don't look for anything—because you're not going to get it.' "

The kind of opposition that normal politicians accept as part of the business, Jackson reacts to almost viciously. Because Sen. William Fulbright of Arkansas opposed him on the issue of détente with Russia, Jackson took a visceral interest in Fulbright's race for re-election and, as Stanley Karnow reported in *The New Republic*, "A case

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Hyannis Sandlot (1954). Jackson at Bat; JFK Catcher; Mike Mansfield, Plate Umpire.

of whiskey to celebrate the event [Fulbright's defeat] stands in the corner of one of Jackson's offices."

Jackson naturally takes an even meaner attitude toward those who oppose him on his home ground. In 1970 his primary opponent was Carl Maxey, an anti-war candidate who didn't stand a chance to win the Democratic nomination. But simply because Maxey dared to run against him, Jackson told friends, "I'm not going to beat Maxey, I'm going to bury him." He did, and while doing so gratuitously questioned Maxey's patriotism.

Richard Reeves, who watched Jackson in action in 1972, later wrote that political reporters who tailed the Washington state candidate "know they don't like him—what's more, they know that most of the Secret Service men assigned to protect his body in 1972 also came to dislike him. Jackson, they found, was petty, testy, and a little mean; he couldn't take the pressure."

"Whenever Scoop has been under pressure, the threatening kind, when he's on unfamiliar ground, he's gone for the cheap shot," said a man who has known him for twenty years in both Washingtons. "Go back to that stuff about Harry Cain being a left-winger."

This was in reference to Jackson's first campaign for the Senate, in 1952, when he knocked off his Republican opponent, Cain, by linking him in the most oblique fashion to Sen. Glenn Taylor of Idaho, who was Henry Wallace's running mate on the 1948 Progressive Party national ticket. That was supposed to mean Cain was pinko. "Cain can talk from now until doomsday," Jackson had said, "but he cannot escape the fact that he and the left-wing Senator from Idaho were the only two Senators who voted against a seventy-group Air Force."

One of the inexplicable Jackson cheap shots cited by Reeves occurred when a young man in Florida asked him a question about the proposed cross-Florida barge canal and, in phrasing his question, referred to Jackson as the "chairman of the Interior Commission." Jackson, who does not like young people, began ranting and raving and ridiculing the young man for not knowing it is a committee, not a commission.

Yergin tells of an evening in 1967 when Jackson was at a Washington dinner party and a young man began to criticize American policy in Southeast Asia. "Jackson lost his temper, and responded not with argument but only by declaring over and over that the young man had no right to criticize policy, that the President had secret information but that this young man had no information, that he knew nothing. . . ."

Many people who know Jackson feel uncomfortable at the thought that a fellow of such quick and vengeful temper might get his hands on the President's little black bag of atomic tricks. This fear is heightened by Jackson's many enthusiastic references down the years to atomic warfare. He is, reputedly, the Joint Atomic Energy Committee's authority on atomic weaponry, and he seems to see the world through mushroom clouds. There were moments during his fanatical defense of our position in the Vietnamese war when, as Yergin put it, "he came close to advocating an all-out blitz of North Vietnam—by possible inference, a nuclear attack."

When North Korea seized the *Pueblo* in 1968, Jackson immediately predicted a strong chance "we will be getting into the use of nuclear weapons." Seventeen years earlier Jackson had proclaimed his notion of the proper way to negotiate with Russia: "When it comes to dealing with Russian leaders, atomic explosions often speak louder than words." His mind has dwelt so obsessively on atomic weaponry that sometimes he has seemed to suffer from hallucinations. One of the primary sources of the 1957 "missile gap" hoax was Senator Jackson, who warned sullenly that Congress might have to increase taxes to finance an all-out nuclear defense program and, in addition, that we might have to cut back on public works to get enough money for atomic missiles. President Eisenhower protested that there was no missile gap and eventually Ike was proven correct.

Now Jackson is once again urging that we MIRV the hell out of our atomic missiles because, he insists, Russia could be arming itself with an additional 20,000 nuclear warheads with the intention of giving itself a first-strike potential against us. Whether or not this will prove to be another hoax (Jackson blamed bad information from the CIA for pushing him into the earlier false position), it at least is at odds with estimates within the Pentagon itself. Edgar Ulsamer, senior editor of *Air Force Magazine*, has reported:

> SAC's Commander in Chief [Gen. John C. Meyer] stated that a MIRVed Soviet ICBM force, on the basis of current Air Force studies, "will make some but not a great deal of difference so far as the survivability of our ICBM force is concerned." The reason for a relatively small gain in attack capability, General Meyer explained, is "that Soviet planners will be restricted by interference [of one warhead with another] and timing constraints. Even though MIRVing gives them more weapons, they would not be able to lay them down much faster than they could at present. The Soviets are more or less forced to adopt the most effective timing sequence possible, and, as a result, we would be provided with categorical warning before the vast majority of our missile fields could be hit."

Ulsamer quotes Lieut. Gen. Kenneth W. Schultz, com-

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mander of Air Force Systems Command's Space and Missile Systems Organization, to the same effect: "The possibility that any existing enemy force could accurately target and knock out all, or even any overwhelmingly major portion, of our 1,000 Minuteman force is still so remote as to be negligible."

But these more expert and more temperate judgments usually are restricted to the trade press, while Jackson's missile-rattling statements—to counteract what he calls "the peace complex"—get quick and spacious attention in the daily press.

There are many contradictions in Jackson's make-up, and none of them is very pretty. A frequently quoted, and useful, insight into Jackson's attitude toward the personal pain of war is to be found in William Prochnau's interview. Jackson told him that he had become physically sickened when he saw a matador kill a bull but that he had not been sickened to see the human flesh and blood that littered the front lines he visited in Vietnam. The difference, he said, was that "killing the bull was not necessary."

Along the same line, it is also frequently noted by Jackson's biographers that, although he was rabidly against giving amnesty to draft evaders and deserters of the war in Vietnam, his own military record during World War II was not exactly the most heroic. He did not enlist in the Army until August 1943, some twenty months after the beginning of the war, and he apparently did so then only because the people back in his Congressional district were beginning to ask why a healthy, single man of 31 thought that being a Congressman was more important than being a soldier. When he signed up at last, he did so with the usual fanfare and declarations of wanting "to go into the infantry, to be a doughboy soldier" and of desiring "to go into combat service as soon as possible after my basic training." But for some reason Jackson was still undergoing basic training five months later—surely one of the longest basic training records in history—when President Roosevelt ruled that Congressmen could not retain their seats while serving in the armed forces; they would have to resign one or the other. Jackson, no longer so eager to go into combat, took off his uniform and went back to Congress. However, he retained his reserve commission and ultimately reached the rank of lieutenant colonel. The nearest he came to seeming a true doughboy was when he protested that the mustering-out pay was inadequate.

Jackson's voting record on civil rights is good enough, though he never was even in the second rank of spokesmen for the most dramatic social change of our time. He has, on the other hand, become in recent years something of a kleagle for the Chamber of Commerce kind of racism that hides under ledger sheets. He has become a leading spokesman for opponents of the sort of integration that is thought to hurt real estate values.

Actually, that is no switch for Jackson; he represented the same racists in World War II. Business interests that wanted to steal the property of Japanese-Americans as an act of patriotism found Jackson very eloquent. As Joel Connelly once pointed out in these pages ["The Candidacy of Senator Jackson," November 15, 1971]:

> Jackson's first issue was the Yellow Peril. In the spring of 1943, a year after Japanese-Americans had been herded into detention camps throughout the West, he declared that "Pro-Japanese influence still exists in the United States, having gone underground temporarily." Representative Jackson introduced a resolution to create a standing Congressional committee whose task would be to investigate "Japanese infiltration" into American economic, political and social life. Said Jackson: "The disciples of Bushido, by insidious and indirect means, inserted themselves in a great many organizations in much the same fashion as the Nazis have used their front organizations." On the Pacific Coast, the Congressman contended, Japanese agents controlled much of the hotel and restaurant business, using Caucasian managers to "front" for them.

When these mythical Japanese agents got back from the government concentration camps, they found that freedom-loving citizens of Washington and Oregon and California had, in some cases, taken over their property.

Although the way Jackson conducts himself these days, as well as memories of some of his past actions, makes many liberal Democrats unhappy, their unhappiness does not bother Jackson. Indeed, in 1972 he suggested it would be a good idea if they went off in a corner and started a fourth party to amuse themselves. He has always disdained ideological Democrats and has built his political base in the state of Washington on "economic Democrats"—labor unions and Democratic businessmen—and Republicans. Presumably he seeks the same base in national politics; in the 1972 Wisconsin primary he openly invited Republicans to cross over, as they can in that state, and vote for him in the Democratic primary.

Two of the richest GOP fund raisers in Washington state, Boeing's board chairman William Allen, and William Reed, chairman of the board of Simpson Timber Co., solicited money for Jackson's last Senate campaign, a race in which President Nixon openly indicated his preference for Jackson over the GOP candidate. Assisting Allen and Reed were such fellows as Bill Woods, president of Washington Natural Gas and a former Republican national committeeman; George Weyerhaeuser, the timber king, and Thomas Gleed, head of the Seattle-First National Bank and the Crow's Nest Coal Co. All are powerful Republicans; none of them was surprised when Nixon, in 1969, invited Jackson to take his choice of Defense Secretary or Secretary of State.

When Jackson moved out onto the national hustings in 1972, he got most of his editorial support from right-wing sheets like the Manchester *Union Leader* and the Indianapolis *Star*. He seemed most comfortable in the company of such hard-liners as Philadelphia's Mayor Frank Rizzo, a man with considerable talent for splitting the black-white communities. Jackson went around Philadelphia wearing a "Rizzo for Mayor" button and urging union members to vote for the brassy former police chief. Law and order was very "in" that year. It is much less appealing today, so Jackson's reach for the faddish issue has momentarily shifted overseas. He has now set himself up as an expert on Middle East affairs, unloading at the slightest invitation such pronouncements as, "I

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guess I can sum it all up by saying that the Arab world is hopelessly divided"—a piece of insight that, for some reason, has been denied scholars in the State Department.

He has become the new leader of confrontation politics, and it is disturbing to see how many members of Congress openly, and how many editorial pages tacitly, are cheering him on. Confrontation politics requires a swaggering pose, and Jackson, for all his flaccidity, manages a swagger very well. To hell with his enemies, and to hell with that great segment of world that offends him, says he. "To hide behind something called 'world opinion' is all too often the device of the timid, or the last resort of someone who has run out of arguments."

Jackson hasn't run out of arguments. He's still using ones he picked up a quarter-century ago. As he always has, he still feels that "the term 'domestic,' when applied to our priorities, can be misleading . . . nothing could be more 'domestic' than the survival of our people or the freedom of the nation." And that means "the true test of a man is where he stands on national defense."

What would such a fellow bring to the Democratic Presidential nomination? Eternal division, for one thing: party division that accurately reflects the man's appeal. David Broder pointed out in 1972 that "Jackson's campaign has a slightly schizophrenic quality: the candidate's speeches are determinedly in the middle of the Democratic road, but his audiences and backers seem to be drawn almost exclusively from the Old Guard of the party."

Nothing has changed, except that today a small segment of the liberal wing of the party that is more pro-Israeli than anti-reactionary has come around to Jackson's side for the duration of the Mideast hostilities. But for other liberals and most moderates Jackson offers nothing but the lingering fear that he may indeed mean some of those things he says. □

PUGET SOUND: MISSILE TARGET

ROBERT C. ALDRIDGE

Ever since Secretary of Navy John W. Warner announced that the new ten-ship Trident submarine fleet will be based at Bangor, Wash., a storm has been gathering in the Northwest. Trident is still a sensitive issue on Capitol Hill, with rougher times ahead, and even deeper resistance forming at the international level. Now it has run afoul of local dissent. Political turbulence around Puget Sound could well be a turning point in the arms race.

Navy officials have pragmatic reasons for basing their new undersea weapon in the continental United States, rather than overseas as with the Polaris and Poseidon force. Along with the economic and logistic advantages of a simplified supply line, a domestic base allows missiles to be assembled and stored in the same complex. But while this is handy for the Navy, the presence of a nuclear stockpile increases the probability that the area would be targeted by opponent forces.

There are also strategic motives for deploying Trident on the West Coast (Bangor is the only acceptable location). Opening the Pacific to submarine patrols forces the Soviets to divide their anti-submarine warfare (ASW) between two oceans. And at Bangor all twenty-four missiles on each submarine could remain "on target" during the 30 per cent of time it spends in port. Vice Adm. Robert Kaufman, Trident program coordinator, said: ". . . every target in the more logical potential enemy homelands is in range from Bangor with our Trident missiles." He pointed out that, in an emergency, the missiles could be fired right from the pier.

Some critics of the Bangor location have claimed that our submarines could be bottled up in the 50-mile-long Strait of Juan de Fuca which is Bangor's only access to the Pacific. Navy spokesmen sweep that objection aside by minimizing Russia's ASW potential. Yet the ASW threat was the strongest justification for Trident in the first place. During his May 1973 presentation to Congress, Admiral Kaufman stated: "While we have no immediate threat to our submarines today . . . our future systems should be geared to making any future ASW counter economically unfeasible. The very long ranges provided by Trident missiles permit Trident submarines to patrol over ten times the total ocean area of today's SSBNs." Either the admiral actually foresaw such a threat or he was deceptively implying its possibility to frighten Congress into approving the Trident program. Assuming that the former was the case and that the 3-million-square-mile operating area of the present Poseidon patrols will, in fact, soon be untenable, then it is unrealistic to believe that a 15-mile-wide strait cannot be blockaded.

Local opposition sprang up within two months after the Bangor location was announced on February 16, 1973. First, the Seattle-based Action Committee Against the Trident Submarine launched a public information campaign and began lobbying. Among the speakers they brought into the area was Dr. Herbert Scoville, former assistant director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency and leading scientific critic of U.S. weapons policy. He spoke in Seattle and Bremerton on the strategic arguments for Trident along with the economic and environmental hazards—including radiation leaks and threat of attack by Russia.

Next, a citizens' group, Concerned About Trident, formed in Bremerton. Its stated purpose was to make certain that all alternatives to the Trident base were considered and that all standards set by the National Environmental Protection Act (NEPA) were observed. While warning that they would scrutinize the final Environmental

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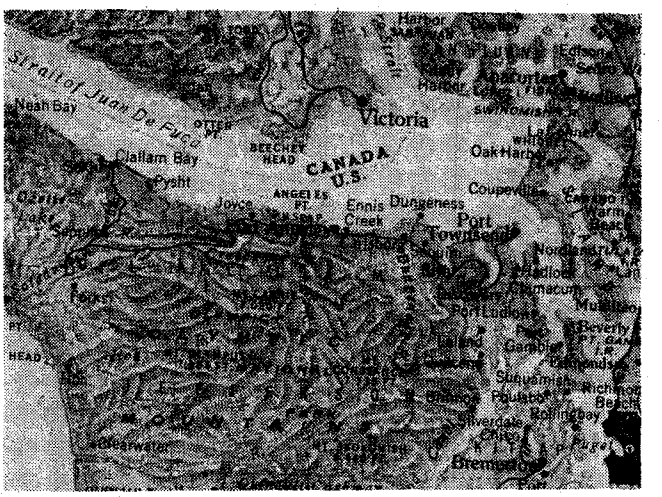
Impact Statement (EIS) with a critical eye, they proceeded to plan a lawsuit in case the EIS failed to comply with NEPA standards. Although the Navy has always contended that environmental aspects received due consideration during the process of base selection, it was not until the choice had been announced that a California civil engineering laboratory started the environmental study. Shortly thereafter, design teams were chosen for Joint Venture—a combine of the Navy and five corporations—to prepare the master plan for the base *and to develop the initial EIS*. Given that obvious conflict of interest, it is doubtful that any critical consideration of the environment took place. Joint Venture did involve the local community in deciding how Trident could best fit into the locality, but the Navy alone decided that it should be at Bangor and not somewhere else—or not at all.

Trident program manager Rear Adm. Harvey Lyon failed to reckon with contemporary public feelings about military bases when he predicted that environmental policy would present no problem. After the draft EIS was filed in March 1974, more than 100 presentations were heard at public hearings and almost half of them were given by community officials and addressed to economic considerations. One Kitsap County commissioner (Bangor is in Kitsap County, along the Hood Canal) asserted that the $600 million complex, exclusive of the 8,527 acres of land on which it is to sit, would increase property tax revenues by nearly half—if only it were taxable. More than $8 million a year would be generated. He saw a need for government payments in lieu of taxes.

The draft EIS primarily considered population, housing, employment, schools and the overall economic effect of a facility large enough to support ten Trident submarines. Although the Navy conceded that certain federal grants should be made to ease the financial burden, it conveniently overlooked the possibility that the facility might be expanded (at a cost of another $200 million) to support twenty submarines. Disagreement exists within the Navy itself on the wisdom of placing 240 missiles in only ten boats. Adding fuel to that argument is a March 1974 release by the Government Accounting Office which states in part: "Should an enemy develop techniques for effectively tracking our submarines as they leave home port, we believe that, all factors being equal, a smaller number of submarines would tend to make our forces more vulnerable than a larger fleet." Pressure from within the Administration, combined with the lifting of treaty-imposed submarine quotas at Vladivostok, and the subsequent announcement of Defense Secretary James Schlesinger that we will need more than ten Trident ships will undoubtedly cause the Navy to expand its plans for Bangor.

The Navy's formal EIS was filed in late July and on August 5 Concerned About Trident brought suit against the Secretary of Defense in a Washington, D.C. federal court. Seeking to stop the support complex "unless and until" the Navy complies with environmental laws, the plaintiffs contend that, aside from the fact that the EIS itself is deficient, all possible alternatives were not explored and the required decision-making process was not followed—that the environmental statement was an after-



City at Lower Right Is Seattle. Bangor Is on Hood Canal, 6 Miles North of Silverdale.

thought, drawn up after the submarine base had been illegally decided upon. Ironically, the NEPA is the brainchild of Sen. Henry Jackson who, although he voted for Trident, now concedes that the suit raises questions which should receive judicial review.

Concerned About Trident has engaged the services of David Sive, a Manhattan attorney with ten years' experience at forging environmental law policy. Some look upon him as this country's foremost practitioner of environmental law. An outdoors man himself, Sive refers to environmental cases as a hobby—a pastime which has included the famous lawsuit to stop the Amchitka nuclear test in Alaska. Sive recalls: "The Amchitka fight was a complete laugh to the Atomic Energy Commission at first, but they wound up with thirteen lawyers and three commissioners in the Supreme Court." Although a 5-to-4 decision of the Court permitted that blast, precedents vital to the Trident case were established.

Hood Canal and Washington Environmental Councils have joined in the lawsuit, along with two national organizations: Friends of the Earth and The Wilderness Society. Also listed as plaintiffs are two individuals who own homes along the strikingly scenic Hood Canal—a primitive waterway flanked by evergreen forests against a backdrop of the snow-capped Olympic Mountains. This pristine beauty is threatened by 4 miles of Trident piers.

Last November, when a court order to halt base construction was imminent, Pacific Legal Foundation of Sacramento, Calif. saw fit to intervene. PLF is allegedly a nonprofit foundation identified with business interests. Its executive vice president, Roy Green, explained that action was necessary because the case took a "decided turn for the worse" for the Navy. "We have no affiliations. We accept no fees," he stated, but his visit to Seattle that same month was to raise funds. Chambers of commerce in the Puget Sound area are now soliciting local businesses for the $55,000 PLF needs to start litigation. But David Sive feels that PLF won't significantly affect the case, since its contribution so far seems merely to cloud the issues, whereas both sides before had been attempting to cooperate.

Meanwhile, Trident opponents filed a motion for a

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trial date and a preliminary injunction against proceeding with the base. Although the Navy was not at first expected to seek immunity from NEPA restrictions, since both Defense and Navy Departments had issued directives for strict compliance, the government's response in the face of adverse developments is that the alleged complaints raise political, foreign policy and diplomatic questions that are beyond the jurisdiction of the courts. And PLF argues that national security has priority over the environment. But David Sive has rebutted such shortsighted reasoning: "I, and everyone involved, believe if our nation is attacked we want to defend it. However, I believe what we're defending is the rule of law. . . . If we change, to be like them, then we have lost what we want to defend."

Federal District Court Judge George L. Hart started hearings on January 6 and it is possible that the case may come to trial by early spring. Concerned About Trident feels it has a good case. And, since the Navy has spent less than 1 per cent of the construction costs for the complex, there would be no weakening of our national defense should the court rule in favor of the plaintiffs. "Nothing is really impeding our progress at this point except lack of funds," explains Concerned About Trident president Irving Clark. He is depending on contributions to provide the additional $80,000 needed to prosecute this lawsuit.

Amid the clamor of protest can be heard the feeble cry of a minority group. The Klallam Indians claim they were unjustly overlooked during Trident impact studies. The tribe periodically harvests a bountiful supply of shellfish on Indian Island. Now that location and others, besides being closed to them, are likely to receive irreversible damage from naval operations. And pollutants discharged during development, to say nothing of potential nuclear accidents, will be disastrous to the entire fish population. On the economic side, the Klallams fear their reservation will suffer a delay of adequate housing, social services and other community needs due to the demands of a large influx of people. Further, they accuse the Navy of failing to provide an effective affirmative action program to help minority groups.

But that is not the end of the Navy's woes. It also faces international protest. British Columbia has only recently discovered that Trident will be based next to its border. When the Canadian Voice of Women informed British Columbia legislator Peter Rolston of the Bangor plans they emphasized: "If allowed to proceed, the Trident weapons system could end by destroying all life on this planet. The decision to build these monsters *cannot* morally be made by the United States alone. . . ." (Emphasis theirs.)

Infuriated by U.S. audacity, Rolston, of the New Democratic (Socialist) Party, immediately sponsored a resolution: "That this B.C. legislature should formally protest to the United States Government, through the Canadian Government, on moral, ecological and territorial grounds, the construction of the massive Trident missile base at Bangor, Washington." The territorial aspect, at least, seems to have real diplomatic force because the Strait of Juan de Fuca is half Canadian waters.

Rolston pointed out to the legislature that Bangor will be the nerve center for the ten 16,000-ton submarines, any one of which costs four times the annual expenses of the U.N. with all its allied agencies. He continued:

> As there has been no consultation with British Columbia in the choice of this location, the province should be especially anxious. . . . The missile base is only 60 miles from Victoria [capital of B.C.] and could certainly endanger over half the population of this province. . . . The massive 550-foot-long submarines will pass by Victoria on their deadly and redundant mission. The maneuvers will take place in the popular and crowded Strait of Juan de Fuca which is already threatened by supertankers.
>
> The Trident project blatantly escalates the arms race throughout the world and if Canadian politicians remain silent their complicity in this de-humanizing technical war game could really destroy us all.

Rolston stressed that even the small voice of a Canadian provincial government should be heard before we are thrown into a worse episode in this balance of terror. His concern seems well founded in light of Secretary Schlesinger's new counterforce policy, whereby limited nuclear exchanges become possible. Sen. Walter Mondale's recent conversation with Premier Kosygin is no cause for comfort. The Soviet Premier clearly stated, reports Mondale, that if one side starts shooting nuclear weapons in the limited manner proposed by Schlesinger, the other side would have no choice but to attack the nuclear weapons of the aggressor. *Collateral damage* from such a selective reaction against Bangor—centered as it is amid the high-population density of Victoria, Vancouver, Seattle, Tacoma and numerous smaller cities—would incinerate the Puget Sound area on both sides of the border.

Trident outrage was carried to Canada's national level on December 12 when Stuart Leggatt, also of the New Democratic Party, spoke out against the Bangor construction in the House of Commons. He proposed that the Canadian Government make formal representation to Secretary Kissinger regarding the Trident base. Leggatt added: "This base will make Vancouver and the lower mainland of British Columbia the number-one target in North America in the event of nuclear hostilities."

Ramifications of the Canadian protest are still unassessed. Just how sensitive the powerful U.S. military will be to Canada's objections is questionable. U.S. behavior at the Law of the Sea Conference in Venezuela may be a warning of what to expect. When the question of passage through straits was brought up at the Caracas meeting, U.S. representatives demanded that free passage must continue, even if the territorial waters of adjacent nations overlap. The position of these delegates was so adamant that the success of the whole conference was threatened if they did not have their way. The reason for such a stand, according to one conference participant, appeared to be a desire to run submarines through unannounced. Seen in the context of Juan de Fuca the pattern becomes clear. With Soviet tracking ships purportedly lying in wait outside the 12-mile limit, Trident boats would be required to sneak out submerged. Admiral Kaufman confirmed that capability: "We can, if we choose, dive all the way out . . . it is a deep strait and it is over

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15 miles wide. That is 'operating area' size for submariners."

The picture of resistance in the Pacific Northwest would not be complete without mentioning the Pacific Life Community—a group composed of Canadian and U.S. citizens. Its purpose is to make the Pacific a nuclear-free zone and a campaign focused on preventing the Bangor complex is in the planning stage. Although this community is new in name it is not inexperienced in creative nonviolent action. It is composed of people who have had the courage to rearrange their living patterns to make themselves more effective as instruments of justice. The potential effect of such a group should not be minimized.

The coalition of forces converging on the unwanted Trident base may well demonstrate that military priorities can no longer expect to tramp with impunity on aesthetic values and social well-being. But one should not be overconfident. It is critical to the Pentagon that Trident submarines operate in the Pacific. They fancy that China is becoming a threat and U.S. land-based missiles cannot strike the Chinese mainland without flying over Russia. Likewise, missile-launching submarines patrolling the Arctic and Atlantic Oceans would have to fire over Russia or Europe—and submarines in those oceans have no easy access to the Pacific, which provides the only clear flight profile for a missile. So the Navy can be expected to fight hard for Bangor and it may ultimately muscle its way into Puget Sound, unless more people become more concerned about Trident. □

DELIBERATE UNEMPLOYMENT

THE STRATEGY OF MISERY

HELEN GINSBURG

Gerald Ford may not agree, but unemployment is already at a disaster level. In December 1974, it shot up to 7.1 per cent. That means 6.5 million human beings are *officially* without work (unofficially, there are many more). In just three months, 1.2 million people have become jobless, and layoffs are still spreading. All kinds of workers are being cut, even the "safe" civil servants. The list grows daily, along with fear and insecurity, as the employed wonder when the pink slip will come and young people worry about the future.

Yet for all the publicity, the true nature of this unemployment crisis is scarcely recognized: it is an acute, dramatic peak rising from a continuing, long-term, quiet and usually ignored state of misery. The immediate catastrophe makes the headlines—it is now almost certain that 1975 will bring a 7.5 or 8 per cent rate—but the chronic failure of the American economy to provide enough decent jobs for all who want to work is ignored. And the absence of a firm national commitment to full employment insures the perpetuation of both situations. Short-term crises are increasingly frequent and stop-gap strategies to cope with them are woefully inadequate. Meanwhile, there is no long-term plan to eliminate the high unemployment that persists in so-called "good times." Even worse, permanent high rates of unemployment are now widely accepted and those in power use fiscal and monetary policy to create rather than to prevent recessions.

How did the country get into this mess? Unemployment is nothing new, but the national position toward it has changed. Back in the 1940s, full employment was a major political issue. It had, after all, taken World War II to end the Great Depression and bring about full employment. There was, accordingly, a pervasive fear of a postwar depression. In labor and liberal circles it was strongly felt that unemployment should never again be tolerated; that a nation capable of total mobilization for war should be able to guarantee jobs for all in peacetime and not have to rely on war to solve its unemployment problem.

In this spirit, the Full Employment Bill of 1945 was introduced in Congress. It declared that "all Americans able to work and seeking work have the right to useful, remunerative, regular and full-time employment." The federal government was mandated to "assure the existence at all times of sufficient employment opportunities." But the liberal-labor coalition was too weak to withstand the attack of big business on full employment and guaranteed jobs. Despite overwhelming Senate approval, the bill was defeated by conservatives in the House. A weaker compromise, the Employment Act of 1946, acknowledged federal responsibility to create conditions that afford "useful opportunities . . . for those willing and seeking to work." However, the changes were more than semantic. The concrete assertion of the right to a job had been replaced by the vaguer goal of "maximum employment" consistent with "other essential considerations of national policy."

The Employment Act of 1946 is a legislative landmark, but as Prof. Bertram M. Gross of Hunter College, its chief draftsman, recalled at a symposium last year, its actual objective was not to guarantee employment. Rather, he stated, it was to prevent the recurrence of mass depression and the collapse of the American business system.

There is a feeling these days that the economy may be heading into a 1930s nose-dive, but at least until now, the Act's mission of staving off mass depression has been

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accomplished. And this very success has diverted attention from the long-term problem. When unemployment was a mass affliction, it could not be ignored; with less joblessness it can be. However, since the Act's passage, not only has unemployment been substantial and persistent it has also been drifting upward. From 1946 to 1973, it averaged about 4.5 per cent. But it climbed from 4.2 per cent in the first half of this era to 4.9 per cent in the last half. "Good times" have been rare. This is the sixth postwar recession. Yet who remembers that for eighty-eight months, from November 1957 to February 1965, unemployment rarely fell below 5 per cent? Or that in 1958, and again in 1961, the annual rate was nearly 7 per cent? Or that since 1948, it has never dipped below 4 per cent, except during the wars in Korea and Vietnam?

Even by comparison with other countries, the picture looks grim. True, unemployment has been rising in most industrialized capitalist nations, but it is still much higher here than in most of the others, and it has been for years. From 1960 to 1970, for example, joblessness averaged 4.7 per cent in the United States but only 0.6 per cent in Germany, 1.3 per cent in Japan, 1.5 per cent in Sweden, 2 per cent in France and 3 per cent in Great Britain. (Foreign data are adjusted to American measurement methods.) Rates considered exceedingly low here, say the 3.5 to 3.8 per cent levels attained during the war in Vietnam, would be viewed with alarm in most other countries, where there is greater worker solidarity and a stronger determination not to accept unemployment. Pressure from Socialist-oriented labor movements and political parties usually causes tension and strain at rates that would be regarded as "over full employment" in America. In Sweden, a jobless rate of about 3 per cent nearly cost the Social Democratic Party—in power for forty-one years—the 1973 election. But, as Sen. Alan Cranston noted in testimony on behalf of the ill-fated Public Service Employment Bill of 1972, "In this country the rate hovers at 6 per cent and nobody seems to care."

It's not merely that nobody cares. Big business has always preferred some unemployment because it gives more control over workers, weakens unions, and holds down wages. Contemporary economic theory now helps them justify higher and higher unemployment, all in the name of fighting inflation. In the 1960s, many economists popularized the concept of the Phillips curve—the alleged trade-off between unemployment and inflation. According to this reasoning, the lower the unemployment, the more the inflation, and conversely. This implied, in the most conservative interpretation, that full employment was too inflationary and, thus, unattainable or even undesirable. (Each country was said to have its own unemployment-inflation trade-off. How else could you explain that Germany had both the lowest unemployment and inflation rates?)

In a social and political climate with little broad concern over unemployment and with practically no commitment to the concept of genuine full employment, a different meaning of "full employment" took root. At one time the concept of full employment had focused on human beings. It meant that those who wanted work could find it. But then the focus shifted from people to prices. *In many circles, full employment came to mean the unemployment rate assumed to be consistent with the degree of price stability desired by policy makers.* Over the years, the "full employment" unemployment rate was revised upward from 3 to 4 per cent, to 5 per cent and even higher. (Will it eventually mean 10 per cent unemployed?)

In this atmosphere, it is not surprising that the trade-off analysis tempted conservative American policy makers who faced inflation. Strategies deliberately designed to increase unemployment were openly pursued during Nixon's administration. In October 1968, with prices rising and unemployment at 3.6 per cent, the Business Council, an influential federal advisory group of top corporate executives, urged the next President to force unemployment up to 5.5 per cent. If that was the price for putting an end to inflation, a spokesman said, "it must be paid." (*The New York Times*, October 21, 1968.) And paid it was. Soon afterward, the Nixon regime successfully engineered a recession that drove up unemployment from

Don Hesse, St. Louis Globe-Democrat
"Think You Might Have Left Him There Too Long?"

3.5 per cent in 1969 to 5.9 per cent in 1971. Not much was said about the additional 2 million jobless workers.

Despite periodic denials, the Nixon administration unofficially abandoned the 4 per cent "full employment" figure adopted by the Kennedy administration. The Council of Economic Advisers finally acknowledged a 5 per cent goal in its 1974 Annual Report:

> Last year we described "maximum employment," which is the goal specified in the Employment Act, as a "condition in which persons who want work and seek

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it realistically on reasonable terms can find employment." We believe that condition was approximately met in 1973, even though the average unemployment rate was 4.9 per cent rather than 4.0 per cent which conventionally defines full employment.

This announcement caused hardly a political ripple, let alone any real opposition. Yet even if unemployment had been only 4 per cent in 1973, 3.6 million workers would have been officially jobless. It is absurd to call that "full employment." But the advisers made their proclamation when unemployment was nearly 5 per cent. That's 4.4 million people—seemingly small mathematical differences represent millions of lives. In a work force of 92 million people, each percentage-point rise in joblessness tosses another 920,000 onto the scrap heap. Current policies would either prevent unemployment from accidentally falling below the target or raise unemployment that is "too low." Since 1969, the game has been to keep unemployment from falling too low, not to lower unemployment —except when Nixon was up for re-election.

Nobel Laureate Paul Samuelson warned in the June 1974 *Morgan Guaranty Survey* that behind the scenes of officialdom the debate was about the desirability of countenancing and even contriving to "slow U.S. growth for two or three years, so that unemployment will remain above the 5.5 per cent level." Yet he, himself, had suggested earlier in *Newsweek* (October 15, 1973) that "to keep the average rate of unemployment below 5 per cent in the period from now to 1976, we would do well to let it rise temporarily above recent levels (repeat temporarily)." By the time of the summit conferences, the Ford Administration's target had obviously risen to at least 6 per cent. Why, then, should anyone have expected the same Administration to hurry to reduce unemployment—unless mounting political opposition forced the issue?

Inflation is a complex affair. The Phillips curve oversimplifies matters, to say the least. It spotlights attention on just two factors, *assumes* that one causes the other, and is then used as a smoke screen to obscure other roots of inflation—for example, the war in Vietnam, the growing power of monopolies, and the "peacetime" military budget.

The Johnson administration's decision in 1965 to pour troops into Vietnam set off the first round of the present inflation. Taxes could not be raised without arousing further anti-war protest, so the war was sold as a bargain. Some bargain! By 1968, direct costs had reached $30 billion a year. But the war, said the President's 1968 Economic Report, "is a burden a wealthy people can bear." In a time-honored manner, inflation financed the war. Nixon inherited that inflation and, in a desperate attempt to cool it while maintaining the war, threw millions out of work. Yet prices kept rising until "stagflation" became a household word.

That wasn't supposed to happen, but ever since then inflation and recession have shared the same bed. This inflation cannot be attributed to wage-push. The real spendable earnings of workers have declined, while after-tax corporate profits have soared, even allowing for price changes. One reason why prices do not fall is because corporate power is growing. It's not just oil or wheat. For instance, between 1947 and 1968, the 200 largest manufacturing corporations raised their share of manufacturing assets from 47 to 60 per cent. And conglomerates now control much of our food supply. The result, as the detailed studies of John Blair, former chief economist of the Senate Antitrust Committee, show, is that when demand falls, firms in highly concentrated industries tend to raise prices, not to cut them. Witness the auto industry. The corporate hand, not the invisible hand, sets so many prices that even planned recessions that create unemployment and reduce demand don't cure inflation. In fact, they feed it. Of course, a deep and long-lasting recession would doubtless "cure" inflation.

Another factor that adds to inflation is the bloated "peacetime" military budget. As the 1974 Report of the Joint Economic Committee put it mildly, "Defense spending tends to be inflationary." Resources used by the military, the committee pointed out, can contribute to civilian shortages. Expenditures flow into the economy, but they do not produce goods and services to satisfy consumer needs. You can't eat missiles. Is that why the Council of Economic Advisers refused to conduct studies of this aspect of inflation, as requested by the committee?

Planned recessions are a neat way to take income away from the poor and middle classes and give it to the rich by eliminating jobs, charging higher prices, and increasing profits. And having created unemployment, the official attitude has been to wish it away. In the last recession, lingering unemployment was falsely attributed to the entrance of women and teen-agers into the labor force; that line is still popular. Powerless groups are simply written off as not quite legitimate members of the work force. Treasury Secretary John Connally's 1972 testimony to the Joint Economic Committee stated this quite explicitly:

> It is significant that compared to the 5.9 per cent rate for total unemployment, about 17 per cent was the rate for young people and about 9 per cent was the rate for blacks. . . . If you take the unemployment rate for males, heads of families, you get down to an unemployment figure of 3 per cent. So we can't be carried away by an unemployment figure of say, 6 per cent. . . .

Apparently, only adult males matter. Preferably white.

The average unemployment rate does mask a lot, but that doesn't mean what Connally implied. It means that, while there is prosperity for one group, other groups are hit with recession and depression. At all times, most of those out of work are white. And that's important in terms of building coalitions to fight unemployment. At present, eight out of ten—5.2 million—of the jobless are white. Unemployment is not just being faced by blacks, or by the unskilled, or by the uneducated, or by any one group. A bachelor's degree no longer guarantees a job. Nor a Ph.D. But it is true that the weakest are hardest hit: minorities, the young, women, the poor and the unskilled. For two decades now, the unemployment rate of blacks has been double that of whites. In December, the figures were 12.8 per cent and 6.4 per cent. Nearly everyone except Gerald Ford admits that a 6 per cent jobless rate is a full-fledged recession. But from 1954 on, annual unemployment for blacks has never gone as low as 6 per cent and for whites has only twice reached that high. For blacks, this has meant a continuous recession interspersed

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with depression and frequent double-digit unemployment. And what term can describe the 37.8 per cent jobless rate of black teen-agers, most of whom are out of school? Is it any wonder that inner-city crime persists? As for adult women, relatively more of them are unemployed than adult men—7.2 per cent compared to 5.1 per cent—and the gap has been widening. Yet only the earnings of married women enable many working-class families to make ends meet. And for working women who head families, unemployment may lead to welfare.

Bad as they are, official unemployment figures are just the tip of the iceberg. They exclude, for instance, 3.4 million part-time workers who want full-time jobs but can't find them, and about 700,000 persons officially listed (1973) as too discouraged to look for work. (Unofficial estimates of discouraged workers are millions higher.) Just adding these two groups to the official roster of 6.5 million shows that, at the very least, 10.7 million people are either fully or partly unemployed. Nor is even that the whole picture. Millions of fully employed Americans earn too little to live in minimal decency. All of these problems are now exacerbated by the recession, but a Bureau of Labor Statistics survey has demonstrated that, even in good times, urban slums are cesspools of open and disguised unemployment and inadequate earnings. Thus, in November 1966, when national unemployment was 3.7 per cent, from 24 to 47 per cent of workers in ten large urban slums were either officially or unofficially jobless, working part time involuntarily or full time for less than the poverty level of $60 a week.

For part of the work force—especially but not exclusively minorities, women, the poor, the young and the unskilled—even good times can be bad times. And bad times are an utter disaster. Why, then, has there been so little political response? Fear of inflation? Misunderstanding of its real cause and ignorance of its extent? Unemployment insurance, which cushions the blow? (Yet in 1973, no more than two out of five of the jobless drew benefits that averaged only $59 a week.)

While each of these may explain the apathy in part, there are still other reasons. Response is weak precisely because so many of the unemployed have little status, suffer the most discrimination, have the least political power, are often outside unions or underrepresented at leadership levels within them. More of the jobless are from these groups today than in the past. Perhaps that is why ever higher unemployment has become tolerated or ignored—and not just by conservatives. Some don't know and some don't care. Increasingly, we live in different worlds, isolated from those unlike ourselves. And this reinforces the "I'm all right, Jack," attitude. So only when the quiet misery explodes into an acute crisis does unemployment start to generate political steam. Then, many workers who are usually fairly safe from the ravages of unemployment are threatened. They find that their immunity is only relative. When push comes to shove, more of them are sacrificed to reactionary policies.

Since 1970, poverty and income inequality have been increasing, black economic progress has halted and is even reversing. Cities have been deteriorating rapidly. Crime is more rampant than ever. Right now, in the job market it's young against old, white against black, men against women—all pitted against one another for scarce jobs. In New York, college graduates are vying with welfare mothers for a dwindling number of jobs; older civil servants may be forced into premature retirement to save younger workers' jobs. The recession has further split an already divided work force. As it deepens, divisiveness may worsen. But the situation also presents an opportunity. Can the massive assault on jobs and real earnings which now threatens so many stiffen resistance and be come a unifying force?

So far, Congress has reacted weakly to the recession. Emergency unemployment benefits will be temporarily extended to many previously uncovered workers; and $2.5 billion has been authorized for public service jobs. But only $875 million has actually been appropriated for jobs. That's about 100,000 jobs—barely enough to help one out of sixty-five of the unemployed. The effect is to disguise how little is being done. The new, more liberal, Congress should be more responsive, especially as pressure builds. But even if the acute crisis eventually abates, what then? Do we go back to the quiet misery?

The goal should be guaranteed jobs for all at decent wages. But can genuine full employment actually become a potent political issue? Women are organizing—even within labor and political parties. The National Urban League has made full employment a priority issue. And the nation's mayors are calling for federal action to create jobs. Most promising is the formation last June of the National Committee for Full Employment, co-chaired by Coretta Scott King and Murray Finley, president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. With representation from organized labor, civil rights, black, women's, religious, ethnic and other groups, the committee correctly asserts that "the guarantee of a job is a fundamental right," and that "unemployment at *any rate* is unacceptable . . . full employment means *no* involuntary unemployment." Its recent decision to engage in legislative action should give the committee greater visibility, but it is still too soon to know how it will operate. Will it remain an organization mainly of prominent though diverse leaders? Or will it blossom into a national grass-roots movement? There are other big ifs. Can the many solidarity gaps that divide people be bridged? Could a mass movement for full employment gain the momentum that the civil rights and anti-war movements once had? Can anything less make full employment a major political demand?

There's also a major new development on Capitol Hill. Reps. Augustus Hawkins and Henry Reuss and sixty-one co-sponsors have introduced the "Equal Opportunity and Full Employment Act of 1976," and Hubert Humphrey has introduced a companion bill in the Senate. The House bill would establish a national policy and create the necessary machinery to guarantee adequately paying jobs for all. It's a long-term approach, but stopgap measures don't solve long-term problems. Last March, Hawkins said that by 1976, "the platform committees of the two major parties will face a major challenge. Will they content themselves with the flatulent rhetoric of the past? Or will they commit themselves to a genuine jobs-for-all guarantee?" The question is even more pertinent today. How it is answered remains to be seen. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

A Victorian Anti-Victorian

ALDOUS HUXLEY: A Biography. *By Sybille Bedford. Alfred A. Knopf/ Harper & Row. 864 pp. $15.*

VIVIAN MERCIER

Readers of my generation used to think of Aldous Huxley as a leader of the revolt against "Victorianism"; the word was then still entirely synonymous with "repressiveness." It wasn't only that the characters in *Antic Hay* or *Point Counter Point* led freer sexual lives than those in Victorian novels: they also felt less obligation to society as a whole, claiming the freedom to develop as individuals along private guidelines that might lead to asceticism and mysticism as often as to hedonism. Those characters who seemed to have the approval of their creator—there weren't many—did not seek to preserve the *status quo* or set the world to rights by revolutionary means: a separate peace would satisfy them, although they never managed to attain it, somehow. *Brave New World* (1932) did much to destroy the faith in scientific and technological "progress" that had survived almost intact from Victorian days. In the later 1930s, when intellectuals all over Europe were rejecting individualism in favor of collective movements, whether of the Left or Right, Huxley showed his freedom from trendiness by publishing *Eyeless in Gaza* (1936). Anthony Beavis, its protagonist, finally decides that his ideal is "Unity with all being."

The impact of that book and *Brave New World* on young leftists in Britain has been well described by George Woodcock in an otherwise disappointing book on Huxley, *Dawn and the Darkest Hour* (Viking, 1972). "It seemed another case of the Lost Leader," he writes. "Whether we termed ourselves Communists, Socialists, Anarchists, or Militant Pacifists, we not only believed in the ultimate power of scientific progress to lead us to Utopia; we also saw no problem that the reasonable application of social planning could not solve." Yet here was Aldous Huxley, who had worked so hard for the Peace Pledge Union in 1935-36, publishing "a novel describing a conversion to mystical religion" and suggesting "that such a spiritual evolution was not merely compatible with the pacifist and decentralist politics which he had recently been preaching in print and on public platforms, but was perhaps the only condition under which they could become effective." Actually, it wasn't *Eyeless in Gaza* but rather his participation in a mass movement like the PPU that marked a deviation from Huxley's previous career. Most of what he wrote after *Eyeless in Gaza* seems a logical development from that book.

The strongest impression left on me by Miss Bedford's biography is that of Huxley's astonishing fidelity to Victorianism and to his upper-middle-class British rearing. Except where his intellect is profoundly challenged, the young Aldous' first response to any situation is the predictable one of any Old Etonian from his generation. After all, he was born in Queen Victoria's reign, although close to the end of it. Some of his nearest relatives bore names inseparable from the Victorian ethos, of which they were either critics, like his grandfather Thomas Henry Huxley and his mother's uncle Matthew Arnold, or creators and upholders, like his maternal great-grandfather Dr. Arnold of Rugby School and his mother's earnest novel-writing sister, Mrs. Humphry Ward, a favorite aunt, at whose funeral Aldous wept openly. Both his father and mother were at one time teachers—the one at a famous establishment "public" school, Charterhouse, before he became a publisher and editor, the other as founder of a "progressive" girls' school, Prior's Field, Aldous' first alma mater (literally as well as figuratively). With such an ancestry—not forgetting that great-uncle Matthew was by profession an inspector of schools and grandpa Thomas Arnold a professor of English—Aldous could scarcely have avoided the didactic element that makes his nonfiction so valuable but causes a steady decline in the artistic quality of his novels. Woodcock says of his last novel, the utopian *Island* (1962), "Huxley the artist had died in the prophet," but Aldous never attempted the thrilling rhetoric of a prophet; it was the firmly reasonable tone of the pedagogue that weakened the spell cast by the storyteller.

As befitted a child baptized in the Church of England, Aldous, after a couple of years at the maverick Prior's Field, commenced an entirely orthodox pattern of schooling, better suited to produce a prime minister than an *avant-garde* author: Hillside preparatory school, then Eton, then Balliol College, Oxford. He seems to have wished that his father were more of a Victorian, more respectable and respected, than the pun-loving Leonard ever was. Aldous' cousin Gervas Huxley told Sybille Bedford, "I think it was this lack of respect that troubled Aldous and marred his relationship with his father—in those days grown-ups were supposed to behave like grown-ups and not like fellow-schoolboys. . . ." Later, when Aldous became almost blind for eighteen months after an attack of keratitis punctata, he showed a truly Victorian spirit of self-help and self-discipline, teaching himself "to read Braille and to type on a small portable. He taught himself to play the piano—first with one hand on the Braille page and the other hand on the piano keys; then the other way round: reading with the right, learning to play with the left, until he knew both parts by heart."

When the 1914-18 war broke out, "Aldous' attitude . . . was neither original nor extreme. He easily spoke of Boches and Huns though never quite without his pinch of detachment." He was of course entirely unfit for active service because of his poor eyesight. By 1916 his attitude had changed but was still neither original nor extreme: "The longer this war goes on, the more one loathes and detests it. At the beginning I should have liked very much to fight; but now if I could (having seen all the results), I think I'd be a conscientious objector, or nearly so." When the Russian Revolution occurred in 1917, Huxley expressed nearly as much hostility to the Bolsheviks as any other member of his class. Miss Bedford has little to say on this point, but it can be verified by referring to Grover Smith's well-edited *Letters of Aldous Huxley* (Harper & Row, 1969). Another fact that emerges from a careful reading of the *Letters* is Huxley's ignorance of—perhaps indifference to—Marx. He lumps Marxism with all the other forms of materialist thought that he preached against in his later years. Paradoxically, Huxley always showed a solidly materi-

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alistic and Victorian attitude toward money. "I am determined to make writing pay," he wrote in a letter at the beginning of his career; whether we regard him as an artist or a teacher he unquestionably wasted a great deal of creative energy on attempts to make a killing with a play or film. He also loved to own fast, expensive cars, including a Bugatti, in which his first wife drove him at maximum speed.

His attitude to women and marriage was in many ways Victorian too. He did not want to marry Maria Nys until he was sure of more than £500 a year, quite a large income for a young man in 1919. As for Maria herself, she often wondered why he chose her, "knowing all the time by my letters that he could never teach me to write poetry or remember what I read in a book, or spel [*sic*] or anything he did set value on." He did his best to teach her, however: "What I have tried to persuade Maria to do is to centre her life on thought rather than sensation, to adopt some fixed intellectual occupation . . . and not merely to live on the aesthetic sensations of the moment." Victorian intellectuals delighted in stupid or uneducated women, even while earnestly trying to enlighten them. Maria, for her part, made an almost ideal Victorian wife: she "was resolved that all should be done to make [Aldous'] daily life peaceful, effortless and agreeable, that he should be spared concerns extraneous to his work and thoughts, should be free, above all should feel free, of any domestic and practical demands." This included managing Aldous' love affairs so as to give him the maximum of pleasure and the minimum of pain. "Aldous was never in the least involved. The women concerned were always very attractive in one way or another, some were beauties. . . . It might be a fluffy blonde just as soon as someone middle-aged and amusing." Aldous "*liked* making love *and* made no bones about it" (the coy italics are Miss Bedford's), but he refused to waste time on courtship. "So it was dinner and bed, or nothing"—but rarely nothing. Afterwards, Aldous would send a suitably inscribed copy of one of his books to the lady, but it was Maria who wrapped up the love gift and put it in the mail.

Since Maria didn't object, I don't feel that I need to; in fact, I find this rather an endearing trait in the somewhat priggish character of Aldous. What I can't forgive him is his artistic treatment of sex—what Miss Bedford rightly calls his "Swiftian and Baudelairean horror." In spite of his own experience on the one hand and of his admiration for D.H. Lawrence on the other, Huxley always presents sex in his novels as nasty and/or destructive. If his hypocrisy in this matter was largely unconscious, so is that of the stereotyped Victorian male. Also sickeningly Victorian, in the worst possible sense of the word, is the fact, offhandedly revealed in a parenthesis by Miss Bedford, that Maria's rather poor health was "not helped by not infrequent pregnancies—always interrupted. . . ." Whether the pregnancies ended in voluntary or involuntary abortions, surely the brother of that eminent biologist Sir Julian Huxley knew enough to practice contraception successfully if he wished. Even the despised Burlap in *Point Counter Point* would have behaved better than that. Wives of ascetics and health freaks, take warning!

Among his other Victorian traits, we may include Huxley's attitude to male homosexuality: "He was rather hoity-toity about sodomites," says Miss Bedford in one of her more graceless moments. Aldous also had a Victorian talent for purple prose, though it must be conceded that the early Victorians, at least, were incapable of such *Yellow Book* preciosity as the following: "Peering into the little pictures, each painted with a million tiny strokes of a four-haired sable brush, I laughed with pleasure at the beauty of the charming invention. This Joachim Patinir, I thought, imagines delicately. . . ."

After reading the *Letters* and the Bedford and Woodcock biographies, I fully intended to do my homework on Huxley, rereading some of the earlier work and tackling for the first time *Eyeless in Gaza* and some of its successors, the books that my generation (now aged 55 to 65) either disliked or ignored. I began with *Antic Hay* (1923), which I couldn't remember having read before, and soon detected a familiar tone in the narrator's voice: the Beckett of *More Pricks Than Kicks* (1934) and *Murphy* (1938) must have been an admirer of Huxley and his polymath's allusiveness. I next planned to reread *Point Counter Point* (1928), but 50 pages of its knowingness and snobbery were enough; I felt I'd have been better occupied rereading Huxley's model for this novel, Gide's *The Counterfeiters*. *Eyeless* was more satisfying, perhaps Huxley's best novel: a long Victorian lay sermon on sin and repentance, spiced by some of the sexual frankness of the 1920s.

After trying *Island* and being put off by its simplistic didacticism, I have given up Huxley for the present. When I take him up again, I'm going to read his nonfiction—apparently I'm too old to accept a treatise disguised as a novel. Significantly, it was my younger son who urged me to read *Island*. From 1930 on, although I'm sure he never dared believe it, Huxley was writing for a generation still unborn. Now that that generation has grown up, they have taken him to their hearts. They recognize his anti-Utopia, *Brave New World*, and they believe in his Utopia, *Island*. He had a far clearer vision of the immediate future than H.G. Wells, for instance, and lived long enough to say, "I told you so" in *Brave New World Revisited*. It was unfortunate that his serious experiments with LSD and mescaline gave a specious legitimacy to a hedonistic use of drugs that his Victorian self deplored.

Without question, Huxley's writings have influenced the course of history—how much, it is still impossible to tell—but I believe they have done more good than harm so far. He created no great work of literary art, but then the works that he most admired belonged to arts he could not master, music and painting. He was aware of his own shortcomings as a man—particularly that incapacity to love deeply which may have resulted from the shocks of his mother's death and his brother Trevenen's suicide—and evolved his philosophy while trying to correct them. Indeed, almost everything he achieved in life represents a triumph of self-discipline—typified by his ability to

ELEGY FOR JENNY

She took a long time to grow old,
moving steadily inward
like an apple abandoning its skin
until she touched
hard seeds at the core.

Long after, hooked at the back
of the open door
her cane
knocked softly—

she stood in shadow under the arch
holding up the dim
lamp of her face, white hair rolled
back, cheekbones
almost free. Old
crow in a tree
of ribs, she preached
from the scaffolding of her own bones.

She wandered at the end
groping in her nightgown down long
halls. They found her
slumped in the Empire chair
white among the shadows
slanting in that room full of thrones.

Jean Feraca

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write good art criticism though nearly blind. If he suffered from the faults of his Victorian forebears, he also possessed their virtues. He was mystic and sensualist, hermit and social lion, philosopher and Hollywood scriptwriter, erring husband and loyal friend. A final paradox: Sybille Bedford's gossipy, flighty, unintellectual biography presents us with a solid, three-dimensional image of a thinking man; her novelist's eye for character records not only the permanent traits but the subtle changes wrought by the years. It also creates an unforgettable portrait of the heroic yet lovable Maria. She—but not Aldous—was sure that Frieda killed Lawrence by her incompetence and folly. It is an awesome thought that if Maria had married Lawrence, he might have lived another twenty-five years. Sybille Bedford never was close to Laura Archera, Huxley's second wife, in the way that she was to Maria. Therefore, Huxley's life after Maria's death seems a long anti-climax punctuated by illness and honorary degrees. Maria's passionate day-by-day documentation of their joint lives in her letters is not replaced by another equally vivid source of information. In saying this, I do not mean to belittle Mrs. Huxley: Aldous did some valuable work in the eight years that remained to him and died at peace with himself, aged 69, on the day that President Kennedy was assassinated. □

Glory Boys & Men of Power

THE SIN OF HENRY R. LUCE: An Anatomy of Journalism. *By David Cort. Lyle Stuart. 481 pp. $12.50.*

VICTOR S. NAVASKY

If you want to find out about Henry Luce and his Time, read W.A. Swanberg's *Luce and His Empire*, which provides a credible portrait of the incredible man who would typically tell critics of *Time*'s unobjectivity, "I am a Protestant, a Republican and a free-enterpriser, which means I am biased in favor of God, Eisenhower and the stockholders of Time, Inc.—and if anybody who objects doesn't know this by now, why the hell are they still spending 35¢ for this magazine?"

If Time, Inc.'s corporate biography is your interest, then read Robert Elsen's *Time, Inc: The Intimate History of a Publishing Enterprise*, which is, as authorized in-house hagiographies go, not bad.

But if you want some insight into the tensions which underlie the marriage of power and glory, money and art, business and talent, you will find it scattered through the pages of *The Sin of Henry R. Luce*, by David Cort, Time, Inc. alumnus.

It's not that David Cort, novelist, essayist and fifteen-year Time-Lifer (1932-47), has nothing to say on Life with Luce. In fact he's intermittently perceptive on the man whose two favorite subjects were business and religion, with the former in the lead. Says Cort, "he obeyed both Caesar and God, in that order. All his worrying of principle was intended to deceive himself on this score, to keep his father's legacy of idealism nominally intact." *Life*'s editorials, observes Cort, were a "highminded" cover for this design. "To understand Luce's poor grasp of current history we must realize that he was torn by an inner conflict which had nothing to do with it."

Cort, who rose to foreign editor of *Life*, is also a close and shrewd chronicler of court politics, serving up not merely a *Time*-ologist's interpretation of obscure shifts on the masthead, and an article-by-article, issue-by-issue guide to zigzags in the Luce line or rather the *Life* line, during and preceding the war years; but he also gives us that rare sort of institutional gossip which reveals more than it trivializes. *Vide*, his account of how a *Life* editorial called for a National Manpower Mobilization Board, which was duly constituted with none other than Henry Luce named to the Magazine Division, which promptly proceeded to give labor priorities to such news magazines as *Time* and *Life*. As a result, points out Cort, magazines like *The New Yorker* lost their best writers and artists to the draft, while he himself was fenced off as an "indispensable man."

Nevertheless, Cort's interest is neither personal nor corporate flim-flam. Luce appears on the back cover playing croquet with the author, but he is more a presence, a receiver or sender of memoranda (reproduced in reasonable quantity in these pages) than a character in the book. And no pretense is made at covering the corporate context. *Fortune*, for instance, gets barely a nod because it is "totally irrelevant to the public impact and power of Time, Inc. It was too obviously the secret shrine for Luce's worship of Mammon—not just private enterprise as such, but The Big Mammon."

The real intent of this inquiry is to identify the ways in which the "men" (the executives) feed off the talent of the "boys" (the writers). Cort's years on first *Time*, then *Life*, are the anvil on which he hammers home his thesis at every opportunity: namely, that talent for the art and talent at business (which he lumps with corporate politics) are or should be as separate as church and state. The former has to do with glory, the latter, with power, prestige and pay.

Briton Hadden, co-founder of Time, Inc., was, according to Cort, a glory man. He had a dream of providing the truth in short takes, of giving the story behind the facts. Luce, in Cort's view, substituted for that dream an illusion. Infatuated with the power of pictures, he ultimately came to value appearance over reality, image over truth. The result in *Life* was that the big picture—what actually happened overall—was sacrificed for the little photo. The point was no longer the truth but "what fragment of it did *Life*'s photographer, at great company expense, witness and how did it feel and here are pictures to prove it." This, says Cort, is not journalism "except when Stanley meets Livingston."

As *Life*'s photo-journalism worked its magic on readers, Luce came to believe that Time, Inc.'s expanded influence and power were due not to the talent but to himself and his executives. There followed various attempts at institutionalizing the talent, all of which ended up as the glorification of routine to the point where, as Cort pointed out in a memo to Luce on September 8, 1944, "nobody, editor, writer, researcher, feels any need to assume for the moment absolute responsibility before God or to try to exercise absolute curiosity about his subject. Everybody just rows along with the boat, dipping the oar with the others. (This is a purposely exaggerated statement of it.) . . ."

Along the way we get some nice insights into the reasons for the *Time* formula's initial success: "A lot of hysterical heresies were abroad during the Depression. In the pages of *Time* one found oneself in a solid, stable world again. . . ."

We see the world through a working journalist's hourglass. Thus the war becomes a form of job insurance because Cort has a virtual monopoly on it. And when the war ends on the morning of Monday, May 7, we are told it is disastrous for *Life*'s publication schedule which concludes on Saturday, but perfect for *Time*, closing Monday night.

And we get an unending procession of judgments on nonentities, apparently confirmed by his judgment on entities such as Whittaker Chambers ("the master of

Victor Navasky writes frequently on politics and publishing.

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the big lie lathered with the pretense of culture").

What with the march of Timers and Cort's eccentric and egocentric perspective, this is not an easy book for nonalumni to read, and yet it is, as they say, a valuable addition to the literature. For what we also get, in counterpoint to the theme of the power and the glory is less The Rise and Fall of Luce than The Rise and Fall of Cort; but by the end this talented free-lance has persuaded us (by protesting, but not too much) that his "fall" is not really a fall at all. Apropos a *Time* executive whose indiscreet memo proposed that the business people be rewarded at a higher rate than the creative people, Cort observes, "Stillman got what he wanted; I did too, and in writing this account, I am getting more of it. As we move towards the grave, I suppose that I will be the winner, and Stillman's estate will go to somebody else."

Glory he defines, in Jefferson's expression, as "the aristocracy of virtue and talent"; power he sees as the desire to subvert these values to one's own purposes. In this case history, Cort, the prisoner of glory, loses the struggle for power. But as he himself points out, "I did not win the local power struggle; I lost. But I won in the glory struggle and such victories remain. I told Luce clearly that I was not his man and that my value resided in precisely that fact . . . (H)e did not want that kind of value, and for want of it his colossal enterprise sank into a creeping death. . . ." □

Toward the Therapeutic State?

THE AGE OF MADNESS: The History of Involuntary Mental Hospitalization Presented in Selected Texts. *Edited with preface, introduction and epilogue by Thomas S. Szasz. Anchor Press/Doubleday. 372 pp. Paper $2.95.*

THE SECOND SIN. *By Thomas Szasz. Anchor Press/Doubleday. 135 pp. $5.95. Paper $1.95.*

M.E. GRENANDER

Thomas Szasz's credentials in psychiatry are impeccable: an M.D. who is a practicing psychoanalyst, he is a fellow of the American Psychiatric Association and Britain's Royal Society of Health, a member of the American Psychoanalytic Association, and professor of psychiatry at the State University of New York Upstate Medical Center in Syracuse. Yet for a number of years he has been concerned with the "denazification" of psychiatric history. As recorded by psychiatrists and medical historians, he believes, it has conveyed the mistaken notion that institutional psychiatry helps the involuntary patient. "If Hitler had been victorious," he says in *The Second Sin*, "the Germans could have written a similarly therapeutic account of the history of the concentration camps."

The books dealt with in this review are Professor Szasz's latest full-scale attacks against the evils endemic to the Therapeutic State. In the course of his continuing campaign, he has been developing an ethical system based on personal autonomy and moral responsibility whose application to psychiatry is so radical as to fit Thomas Kuhn's criteria (in *The Structure of Scientific Revolutions*) for the paradigmatic shift that marks major turning points in scientific development. Predictably, according to Kuhn's analysis, those members of the psychiatric professions who still cling to earlier paradigms react negatively to Szasz's work, and the resultant controversy helps to define the transformation of the scientific milieu in which they operate.

Dr. Szasz himself, however, would simply point out that the emperor has no clothes on: psychiatry is not a science at all but what he calls "scientism," or the misapplication of procedures and attitudes appropriate for the natural sciences to such areas of human behavior as ethics and politics. Therefore, as students of the history of ideas have been aware for some time, his concerns reach far beyond psychiatry to all those disciplines involving human values. It is not without significance that, however some of his colleagues in the American Psychiatric Association may regard him, the American Humanist Association, at its 1973 annual meeting, cited him as "Humanist of the Year." He belongs to a tradition which includes, among others, John Milton, Voltaire and John Stuart Mill: the very antithesis of the clockwork-orange world of Adolf Eichmann and the banality of evil.

Those familiar with Szasz's work are aware of such facts; others will find these two books a good nontechnical introduction. He presents *The Age of Madness*, an anthology of selections from 1728 to the present, not only as a companion volume to his earlier *The Manufacture of Madness* but as an independent work. Its historical range demonstrates that psychiatric dehumanization of the mad, dating from the 17th century, coincides roughly with modern man's growing respect not only for science but for anything that is able to masquerade as science. Szasz names the period of the last three centuries in honor of its victims, since he regards involuntary mental hospitalization as its characteristic method of social control. He calls its three stages the Birth, Growth and Flowering of Psychiatric Power: 1650-1865, 1865-1920 and 1920-present. As he points out in the epilogue, the pieces assembled here show "the nature and extent of the threat which institutional psychiatry poses to modern man."

The difficulty of defining "mental illness," the psychiatric degradation of human beings, commitment to mental institutions as a means of settling family quarrels or for political oppression, the use of hospitalized mental patients as underpaid labor, and the cruelty of shock treatments and brain surgery are treated in selections ranging from fiction, autobiography, history and newspaper accounts to learned articles and an official position paper. Force and fraud to implement psychiatric control appear repeatedly in these accounts, as does the iatrogenic reduction of the incarcerated victim to such a state of dependency that he may no longer wish to return to normal society. Moody Prior recently enunciated the general principle in a study of Shakespeare's history plays: "The initial effect of power is to deprive its victim of the customary forms and objects which help him to express his identity and establish his status among his fellows. . . . Ultimately, the victim of power becomes a helpless, manipulable object, and finally a mere thing, a corpse."

Selections by authors as diverse as Daniel Defoe, Philippe Pinel, Benjamin Rush, Anton Chekhov, Jack London, Frigyes Karinthy, James Thurber, Erving Goffman and Sylvia Plath deal with the history of involuntary mental hospitalization in England, America and on the European continent. We learn that both Pinel and Rush, those pioneers of modern psychiatry, quite frankly advocated coercion of their patients. Although the poor, the weak and the unprotected have been in particular danger, rank and status have not guaranteed immunity, as exemplified by the victimization of King Ludwig II of Bavaria.

The ease with which married women

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could be incarcerated is typified by the case of Mrs. Elizabeth Packard, whose husband, a minister, committed her to an insane asylum from 1860 to 1863 because of their religious differences. An abolitionist who refused to accept his Calvinistic views on innate depravity and predestination, she discovered to her amazement that under Illinois law she was "a legal nonentity" whose husband could put her in an insane asylum at will. She eventually regained her freedom only because her views were much more in accord with the liberal outlook of the community than were his; neighbors came to her rescue, and she was vindicated in a jury trial whose verdict was cheered by a partisan audience.

Szasz's editorial comment on the case of a Canadian farmer, committed to a hospital for the criminally insane because his opinions about the Crown grant of his land were at variance with those of the Ontario provincial authorities, reveals how psychiatric miscarriages of justice occur: "The judicial authorities often have a choice between prosecuting a person accused of a crime and committing him as mentally unfit to stand trial. When the prosecution's case is weak, or when the judicial authorities fear that the defendant will embarrass them in court—or when, for whatever reason, the law-enforcement agencies of society wish to 'dispose' of a case without the publicity of a trial—the accused may be declared mentally unfit to stand trial and imprisoned in a mental hospital." He thus loses the opportunity to establish his innocence.

Perhaps the most chilling document in the entire book, however, Szasz presents with no comment other than to identify it as a position statement on the medical treatment of the mentally ill by the American Psychiatric Association and the National Association for Mental Health. This bulletin makes frighteningly clear that, by a semantic twist, a *"citizen's right to medical treatment"* (italics in the original) means forcing it on him against his will even when he "does not admit to his illness." Wearing the guise of benevolent paternalism, the authors recommend denying the patient "a jury trial with all its attendant embarrassment, indignity, publicity, and exposure," thereby stripping him of all his "so-called legal rights." To replace judicial due process they urge "a *simple commitment procedure* entailing an application to the hospital by a close relative or friend, and a certification by two qualified physicians that they have examined the subject and found him to be mentally ill." That such a *lettre de cachet* is really for the benefit of whoever wants the victim committed is revealed in an aside which cuts through all the pious cant about "protecting the rights of the patient who is hospitalized without his consent": a wistful allusion to the possibility of committing a patient, as in England and Holland, "for two weeks or a month so that the family may have a vacation." In the Therapeutic State, Szasz has long been claiming, the identifying mark of Big Brother is an M.D. degree. Consequently, it is not surprising that this position paper also calls, "over the long haul," for escalating "psychiatric services" far beyond "anything our country has yet seen."

What of the "treatment" to which the unfortunate victims have "medical rights," and about which the position paper is silent? Other selections in the anthology reveal what they are. The pharmacopeia includes mind-altering drugs whose long-term effects, according to Valeriy Tarsis' *Ward 7*, include "damage to memory, to eyesight, reduced sexual potency, apathy and indifference."

Another psychiatric intervention, electroshock, is described by its inventor as having originated in a Roman slaughterhouse where he watched hogs being convulsed into epileptic comas by electricity before being stabbed. Lobotomy is also proudly described by its originator, with a note by Szasz that this is "the only medical treatment that has been formally condemned by the Vatican and banned in the USSR." In *City Psychiatric*, a documentary novel, the protagonist watches "with growing disbelief and revulsion" a series of lobotomy experiments attempted as cures "for everything from psychosis to juvenile delinquency to promiscuity to alcoholism."

The reader, too, is likely to feel "growing disbelief and revulsion" as he finishes *The Age of Madness*. He may turn then to *The Second Sin*, which takes its title from the story of Babel in Genesis. The knowledge of good and evil was the first sin, but the second sin was speaking clearly. Like George Orwell, who warned against the totalitarian uses of Doublethink and Newspeak, Szasz believes that authority rests "on a monopoly over not only information but language itself." Thus, "understanding language is . . . the key to understanding man; and the control of language, to the control of man." Among the godfathers of *The Second Sin* are Pascal, La Rochefoucauld and Ambrose Bierce, who followed the dictum that good writing is "clear thinking made visible." Such a constellation suggests that *The Second Sin* is to be judged, not as humor, but as the wit which Bierce, one of the few American writers to handle it successfully, described as "a serious matter. To laugh at it is to confess that you do not understand."

So far this fits the thirty-four brief sections of *The Second Sin*, which cover only a few pages each, under such rubrics as "Sex," "Women," "Education," "Law," "Drugs," "Suicide," "Myth of Mental Illness" (a title Szasz borrowed from one of his own earlier books), "Science and Scientism" and "Therapeutic State." A few of the maxims included under these headings are quoted here:

> Formerly, Americans charged with murder were considered innocent until proven guilty; now they are considered insane until proven sane.
>
> No drug can expand consciousness; the only thing a drug can expand is the earnings of the company that makes it.
>
> Community psychiatry promises to bring the day nearer when everyone will take care of everyone else, and no one will take care of himself.

These aphorisms sound like those of a resurrected Ambrose Bierce: audacious and startling, clever, charming and quotable. Yet there is a sense in which *The Second Sin* is both more and less than wit. Bierce pointed out that wit is paradoxical; although "profoundly wise," it is nevertheless "not altogether true and

THE HUNT

Loping through the underbrush
the roe outdistances the hounds
panting in their rush
to deal their wounds;

but the roe glides effortlessly home,
swiftly, over the broken ground,
evading for a time
one murderous hound

who will flush her one morning from the brake
where the pond lies green-lidded and still,
and the birds will rise and shriek,
the hound have his will.

Charles Elster

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therefore not altogether dull." But Szasz is in deadly earnest. Thus, he often qualifies his statements in order to make sure that they *are* altogether true. One way he does this is to introduce such limiting modifiers as "often," "usually," "many" or "maybe." Another way is to lengthen his entries to the point where, on occasion, they cease to be epigrams and become mini-essays.

Long ago, Ralph Waldo Emerson, discussing the decayed language of his own time, pointed out that "wise men pierce this rotten diction." Just so, Szasz punctures some of the cherished illusions of today's complacent liberalism:

> Judges and prosecutors, lawyers and psychiatrists, all protest their passionate desire to know why a person accused of a crime did what he did. But their actions completely belie their words: their efforts are now directed toward letting everyone speak in court but the defendant himself—especially if he is accused of a political or psychiatric crime.
>
> There can be no humane penology so long as punishment masquerades as "correction." No person or group has the right to "correct" a human being; only God does. But persons and groups have the right to protect themselves through sanctions that are, and should be called, "punishments," which, of course, may be as mild as a scolding or a small fine, or as severe as life imprisonment or death.
>
> What does man do with his fellow man who has fallen behind in the race of life? The liberal puts money in his pocket and a social worker on his back. Who among us really tries to put him on his feet so he can run again, and perhaps even surpass us?

Thus, Szasz's aim in *The Second Sin* is, as it was in *The Age of Madness*, fundamentally serious. A thumbnail summary of both books can be found toward the end of *The Second Sin*:

> We live in an age characterized by a tremendous need for vast numbers of mental patients upon whom, as products or things, a large part of the rest of the population can work, and which those considered mentally healthy can proudly support. The result is the Therapeutic State, whose aim is not to provide favorable conditions for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, but to repair the defective mental health of its citizens. The officials of such a state parody the roles of physician and psychotherapist. This arrangement gives meaning to the lives of countless bureaucrats, physicians, and mental health workers by robbing the so-called patients of the meaning of their lives. We thus persecute millions—as drug addicts, homosexuals, suicidal risks, and so forth—all the while telling ourselves that we are great healers, curing them of mental illness. □

Celine's Grand Finale

RIGADOON. *By Louis-Ferdinand Céline. Translated by Ralph Manheim. Delacorte Press. 273 pp. $8.95.*

DAVID H. ROSENTHAL

Rigadoon, along with the earlier published *Castle to Castle* and *North*, composes Céline's final trilogy. Together, the three books deal with the fall of the Third Reich in Germany and the Vichy government in France. For Céline, it was the end of an era of active public life. It was also a time of violence and rapid decay, one which matched his own sense of imminent apocalypse. *Rigadoon* was Céline's parting gesture, his last curse upon a Europe he felt was doomed. According to the book's preface, he wrote the last words on the morning of July 1, 1961. That evening he was dead.

The story centers on the author's attempts, along with his wife Lili and their cat Bébert, to escape from a Germany destroyed by Allied bombings and get to Denmark. It chronicles their voyages, their sufferings and strokes of luck. Sometimes they are relatively near their goal, sometimes far away. Toward the end of the book, a consumptive Frenchwoman gives them a group of mentally retarded children, drooling idiots whom Céline and Company drag with them through the last 100 pages. Together, they stagger through ruined cities, smelling burnt flesh and seeing corpses wrapped in asphalt. Overhead, RAF planes drop magnesium bombs, which explode in all the colors of the rainbow.

At one point, Céline and his wife find themselves in a Nazi-organized center for the new resistance—guerrillas who will fight on after the expected Allied victory. Nazi troops destroy the center, but Céline and Lili, warned by their friend Restif, escape and continue their journey. Their fellow voyagers are Europeans from all over—Hungarians, Frenchmen, Italians, Latvians, et al.—collaborators with the Germans or refugees from bombed-out factories. In the end Céline, Lili and Bébert all make it to Copenhagen. There, for the moment,

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they find something approaching normal life.

But the emergence from hell is a letdown. In the more everyday world of Denmark, Céline remains on his guard. He's convinced that his hotel room is bugged, that the desk clerk recognizes him, that they're watching his every step. (His suspicions, apparently, were not unfounded. Later he was held in a Danish prison for fourteen months, at the request of the French Government.) His real letdown, however, has nothing to do with these practical fears. War for Céline, as for many other modern writers, is the truest mirror of our culture's inner reality. Céline disliked everybody—whites, blacks and yellows, leftists and rightists too. But his bitterest scorn was reserved for the successful, the rational and the happy. The black chaos of an exploding Germany suited his vision of things much better than normal life ever could. For, again like many of his contemporaries, he felt we'd come to a final crisis. Europe is decaying; "putrid" is one of Céline's favorite words. Or it lacks vital energy, the will to dominate and survive. War, and especially modern war, with its mass killings and surrealistic gore, is the strongest metaphor we have for our insane, self-destructive world. But more than a metaphor, war is a central fact of that world.

War is exciting, too. It's a thrill, in the same way amusement parks and horror films are thrills. Céline also feels this, and the wild energy of it all attracts him.

> If you've ever passed through armies in flames . . . yourself, I mean, not your brother-in-law, through jellied cities and empires, and desperate, panting populations, offering you, oh yes! . . . their babies, their wives, and then some! . . . anybody! anything! just so the damage! the lightning! should come down on you! and not them! . . .

In fact, this excitement is also quite common. Boredom, and the desire for a more "exalted" level of existence, are among the main causes both of modern war and fascism. That Céline himself was a Fascist of sorts is well known. His particular fixed idea, which pops up again and again in *Rigadoon*, is that whiteness is genetically recessive, and will disappear if whites mix with other races. The idea is absurd in itself, and wouldn't make much difference even if it were true. But Céline's racial theories work on two levels. One is as a rather obnoxious kind of drivel, mixed in with the general chaos of the book. The other is as a symbol for an entire spent civilization. And despite his prophecies of genetic doom, Céline awaits the end with a kind of manic glee.

> . . . tartufferie and neoplasm, the perfect formula for success under every regime . . . every cockeyed state . . . drums and trumpets! taraboom! guts, epiploons, and cerebellums all over the sawdust . . . the true sense of History . . . and what we've come to! jumping this way! . . . whoops! and that way! the death dance! impalements! purges! vivisections! . . . twice-tanned hides, smoking . . . spoiled skulking voyeurs, let it all start over again! guts ripped out by hand! let's hear the cries, the death rattles . . . a national orgasm!

He's like a kid at the movies, grinning while King Kong rips up New York City.

But Céline is more than that too. In *Rigadoon*, as in all his novels, he's put his finger on a number of things we all feel. And as the above-quoted passage suggests, he's done so in unusually powerful language. His love of it all, in a way, is his greatest advantage. More than most modern authors, he's able to plunge directly into the burning center, where Europe, in rage and anguish, is tearing itself apart. In so doing, he captures the heat and energy of the final holocaust better than almost anyone else. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

The centenary of the first Impressionist exhibition is being celebrated with a joint show in Paris last year and now in New York at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. "The Impressionist Epoch" (until February 16) raises interesting questions about the present interpretation of Impressionism. Until a few years ago it seemed indisputable that there was a link, a close one, between Impressionism and Abstract painting: Nicolas De Stael in Paris and Jackson Pollock in New York, for example. One source of this notion was the opinion of classically-oriented critics, who regarded Impressionism's conspicuous color and display of paint marks as the end of traditional landscape painting—a late, great, indulgent flowering. Missing the properties of drawing by contour and firm shadows, these critics read Impressionist landscape as the dissolution of appearances. This has been described as the birth of modern art: after the world was pulverized, there could be no return to objects. Impressionist figure painting received similar treatment in the Ortega y Gasset (and, later, André Malraux) theory that there is a changed ratio of paint to person in a Manet compared to a Velásquez portrait: more paint and less person, of course, in the 19th-century artist.

Abstract painters in the United States in the 1950s saw Impressionism not only as the end of Realism but as the beginning of their kind of painting. An abortive movement called Abstract Impressionism was even made out of gestural brushwork and atmospheric color. The idea that the Impressionists had accidentally discovered Abstract art is not new, nor is it American, as one might think. Hans Hofmann, not long from Europe in the 1930s, included in an early lecture at the Art Students' League the theory that the physiognomy of Impressionist paint gradually overwhelmed an initial naturalism. At the same time a German writer, A. E. Brinkman in the French magazine *Formes*, defined the trend of French Impressionism as "anti-naturalist." After our own experience of Philip Guston and other painterly Abstract Expressionists, how abstract does Impressionism look today? The answer is not at all. The discovery of facture was a period emphasis, an insight that has been absorbed into our more comprehensive response to the paintings. The fact that traces of the artist's sensation intervene between us and his subject does not mean that the subject is not really signified as present. The world outside the artist is not dissolved; there is a basic sense of the world seen, enjoyed and retained in Impressionism at all phases.

In an article in *Arts Magazine* (November 1974) Kirk Varnedoe drew attention to the comparative lack of excitement in the Impressionist centennial year. He made the point that, among other factors, the convergence of the revival of Academic art (see *The Nation*, January 18) and the development of smooth Photo-Realism signal a change in what interests artists. He cites too the "derailment" of Abstract painting as weakening artists' interests in Impressionism just at the moment that antagonistic alternative styles have arisen. I think what he says is true, and all I would add is the fact that I found I still liked Impressionism as much as I ever did, which is a great deal. However my relationship to it has certainly changed. The difference for me is in its reduced link to Abstract painting and in its emphatic, sustained figurative basis.

Kermit Champa, author of the recent *Studies in Early Impressionism*, criticized John Rewald, author of the definitive *History of Impressionism*, because his "book never focuses on questions of painting itself." Perhaps in response to this, Rewald has contributed an essay on "The Impressionist Brush" to the *Metropolitan Museum of Art Bulletin* ($2.50), published to coordinate with the show.

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His basic theme is to celebrate the paint handling of the Impressionists and a series of beautiful details in color illustrates the argument. Rewald states that, "like handwriting, the brushstroke is a mirror of the individual soul and of his mood," but he wants to restrict the authentic autograph to the Impressionists. He is contemptuous of Academic artists for their interest "in the narrative and picturesque, not the pictorial potentials of their subjects." He has a petulant footnote on "souvenir hunters who, for want of other distractions, are presently 'rediscovering' or even 'rehabilitating' various producers of anemic Salon wares." He judges the closed paint skin of Academic painters' brushwork not as another way of working but as the wrong way to work. To overemphasize the manual aspect of Impressionism is one of the routes to the exhausted Impressionist/Abstract painting connection. Thus Rewald's argument carries the Impressionists toward a kind of motor verbosity rather than to a supple mode of perception.

The criticism that the Impressionists lost the sense of a substantial world behind a screen of vital but basically subjective color is only tenable if it is presumed that contour and shading are the sole reliable indexes of reality in art. However, it is enough to look at Impressionist paintings now to see that the world has not been reduced to a problematic stimulus behind a showy foreground based on the artist's sensory reactions. On the contrary, we are given the iconography of a continuous world, shared by all the group, and characterized by extraordinary candor and responsiveness. The animation of the picture surface is not an alternative to the transcription of the artists' perceptions but its attentive equivalent. For all their reliance on the nuances of individual sensibility, the Impressionist painters maintain a remarkable fidelity to stable and recurrent forms of perception. They paint the world, as a field of probable events, in the ways it has changed least. No other paintings of the later 19th century have as firm a base in what we might call consensual appearances.

Varnedoe pointed out that the Metropolitan show includes considerable auxiliary material, such as the work of predecessors and heirs as well as contemporary Salon paintings (a random selection) and photographs. Hence the sense of walking through an exhibition arranged like a slide lecture, but pictures like Degas' "Portraits in an Office," Manet's "Zola," Monet's "Women in the Garden," Renoir's "Moulin de la Galette," Pissarro's "Hoarfrost" and Sisley's "Flood at Port-Marly" glow through the didactic course. By the museum's account, the presentation represents "an 'expansionist' point of view as opposed to the rather more traditional 'contractionist' approach." Since all this is done with forty-odd paintings, the following translation seems in order: expansion means economy and contraction means comprehensive.

A brilliantly successful addition to the main show has just opened, "The Great Wave: the Influence of Japanese Woodcuts on French Prints" (until May 11). Anybody who has read about Impressionism knows of the influence of Japanese woodcuts, but the actual materials have remained oddly undisclosed. Colta Feller Ives has changed all this with a convincing and explicit comparison of the Ukiyo-e prints (pictures of the floating

A NOTE TO OUR READERS

from James J. Storrow Jr., Publisher

I am proud to announce another honor for The NATION -- an award for the work of our Latin-American correspondent, Penny Lernoux.

For the first time in its five-year history, the Latin-American Studies Association nominated 21 journalists and designated three finalists at its annual meeting held recently in San Francisco. The commendation to Ms. Lernoux was in "special recognition of her excellent articles appearing in The NATION".

The criteria were: focus on significant topics; wide sampling of sources; and sensitivity to regional, economic, and ethnic factors.

In addition to Ms. Lernoux, Terri Shaw and Marlisle Simons, both of the Washington Post, were selected. Not to be overlooked is the fact that all three are women.

The Latin-American Studies Association is a national organization of 1,700 members drawn from business, government, and journalism. Its 116 affiliated educational institutions represent many different disciplines.

The NATION articles honored by this distinguished group are:

Chile Will Never Be the Same ... Nov. 9, 1974
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James J. Storrow Jr.

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world) with Manet, Degas and Mary Cassatt, as well as Bonnard, Vuillard, Toulouse-Lautrec and Gauguin. Cassatt's use of Utamaro is shown and Manet's of the calligraphy of Kawanobe Kyosai for his illustrations to *The Raven* by Poe; and Bonnard's huddled Parisians in the rain suddenly resemble bonsai trees. The exhibition is accompanied by an admirable book of the same title, *The Great Wave* (New York Graphic Society, $15).

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

A musical called *The Magic Show* opened last May to enthusiastic notices. It is still running successfully at the Cort Theatre. I didn't review it though I saw it on its opening night. I thought it a poor thing except for the presence in it of young Doug Henning, a magician who performed some amazingly good stunts, all of which added up to less than one-fourth of the evening's duration. There was hardly anything beyond this for me to say—which I didn't think sufficient for this column.

I like magicians as well as high-wire and trapeze performers, jugglers, clowns, virtuoso skaters and sundry other artists in vaudeville and the circus. They are certainly part of the theatre, and by no means the least stimulating. Still, I didn't believe that *The Magic Show* would attract such large audiences at Broadway prices. The secret of its success, I was told, was that it is a children's entertainment, which meant that parents brought their kids to see it.

On further reflection I began to doubt the explanation. I became convinced that the parents enjoyed what they saw as much as their offspring did. And no wonder: the elders are as childish as their young. This realization has made me reconsider the sum of theatre offerings on the boards thus far this season.

Among current hits, in addition to *The Magic Show*, are *Absurd Person Singular*, *All Over Town*, *Candide*, *Grease*, *Scapino*, *Sherlock Holmes* and perhaps *God's Favorite*. Now we have *Diamond Studs*, *The Life of Jesse James: A Saloon Musical*, book by Jim Wann, original music and lyrics by Bland Simpson and Jim Wann, produced by The Chelsea Theatre Center of Brooklyn at its Westside Theatre, 407 West 43rd Street, Manhattan. It, too, seems destined to be a hit.

Diamond Studs is a collection of little jokes and anecdotal scenes, with the greater portion of the evening devoted to songs in the vein of old Southern and Midwestern country music, delivered individually and in chorus (for the most part over microphones) by a group of lustily youthful singers who strum or strike guitars, banjos, drums and other percussion instruments, plus fiddle and piano. The house is set up as much as possible to resemble an old-time saloon —beer is served at a price—and the audience is occasionally encouraged to join in the festivity. Traditional-sounding tunes are transformed by rock ingredients and the customers sway happily and tap their heels to the latter-day pulse. The very gifted Patricia Birch has arranged appropriate movement in the limited space allotted.

To a certain extent, the delight with which the performance was greeted surprised me. I could hardly follow the sense of any of the lyrics when they were bawled by the whole troupe because the mechanical amplification made of them a roar and a clatter. Furthermore, the type of folksy stuff which was being imitated has always struck me as the music of an unmusical people. Its charm, when it has charm, consists in the words and in its rhythm or beat.

There is pleasure to be found in some of the lines and gags and in the synthetic sounds produced by the various instruments (the players are all pretty good of their kind, especially the drummer), but what "gets" the audience is the general atmosphere of good nature, pseudo-nostalgia, authentic Americana (mostly Southern), and the dedication of the company to the fun they themselves are having and wish to generate. The audience yields itself with childlike contentment to the effort without questioning any of the specific details.

To return now to my premise: *Candide* is fun and games on a satiric theme of considerable bite, in which Voltaire's social or philosophic acerbity is completely obliterated. While *Scapino* is a brilliantly executed jape related to the Molière original, it too has pretty much a Punch and Judy nature. *Sherlock Holmes*, a splendidly acted, directed and produced bit of escapism, will mean as much to a 10-year-old as to any grownup. And no harm done!

Grease celebrates the exuberant slobbishness of American teen-agers in the 1950s. *Absurd Person Singular* is English sport at the expense of the follies of the British middle class, hyped up by Broadway push. *God's Favorite* makes a joke of Job. *All Over Town* is zany in the manner of a stag party, in which the assumption is that nothing today is to be taken seriously—so what the hell!

Then, too, there are such musicals as *Pippin*, a handsomely costumed and choreographed piece based on cliché skepticism anent war, government, etc.; *Raisin*, a decent enough version of Lorraine Hansberry's *Raisin in the Sun*. The English import *Equus* is a well-staged, well-acted and well-written play, based on the fallacy (to put it mildly) that a violent schizophrenic is really closer to an exemplary humanity than a man caught in a mediocre marriage who fails to leave his wife.

The revivals of better plays, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* and *Of Mice and Men*, are not as popular as most of those just mentioned. The only two new plays of substance in acting and writing are the South African *Sizwe Banzi Is Dead* and *The Island*.

The point of this bald summary is not to denigrate the present theatrical scene (one reviewer has optimistically written, "Broadway is coming up roses") but to suggest that there is something simple-minded and childish, when there is not something mentally void or corrupt, in much of what is now popular.

The appetite for theatregoing has not abated and I find this good. But the nature of what on the whole is being produced reveals an ever increasing absence of mind. There is little confidence or real belief in anything. All is gesture. The most primitive reactions are the most "honest." Audiences seem to require a "fix" of noise and the disguise of novelty. They chiefly respond to shock and nervous sensation. Laughter is provoked by ragamuffin crudity. All this surface agitation has induced a fundamental passivity; nothing is actively examined.

While the American public professed to be troubled by Watergate, it was apparently incapable of recognizing Nixon's perfidy years before that event, when anyone with eyes and natural instinct could see that the man and his ilk were, to say the least, of an inalterably fraudulent species. The answer to the perennial question of what is wrong with the theatre is, apart from its disorganization and insane economics, the mood and mental state of the nation as a whole. And if what is preferred above all else is distraction on the least mature level, that broadly speaking is what we are getting. □

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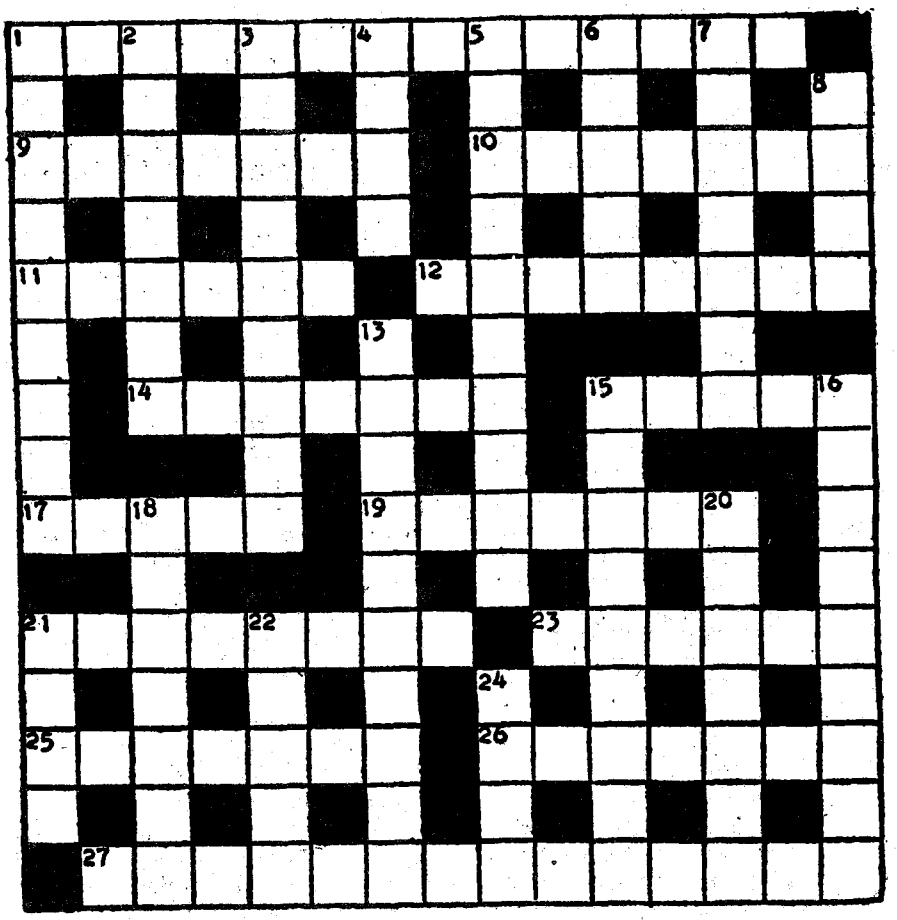
Crossword Puzzle No. 1570

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Does a person deserve all he gets if he does? (Implicitly, there's not enough for two or more.) (4,4,6)
9 Take off. (7)
10 A way to measure flying time, much later than "April in Paris"? You can get the cutter here. (7)
11 Food &&&&&&? (6)
12 Is an organ so made to feel better? (8)
14 See 16 down
15 A large number of poems might carry messages . . . (5)
17 . . . and half that many ones could be used for decoration. (5)
19 Certain hints about the traitor given by religious men. (7)
21 Something round about a broken axle that could be catching up with the rest. (8)
23 Talk a little—part of it might be neutralizing. (6)
25 Six geese a-moving? (7)
26 Implying some equivocation, but using one's head during a strike? (7)
27 Putting on Bach's B Minor might imply making quite a lot! (4,10)

DOWN

1 There's nothing between four and a hundred in proportionate environment, being somewhat questionable. (9)
2 Rave about the help coming up with a bright answer? (7)
3 Put on too much, but certainly not underclothing! (9)
4 Obviously poetry doesn't start out being Gaelic. (4)
5 Fun-makers? (10)
6 Bad habits caused by several desserts? (5)
7 Given a jab? (7)
8 Fix a beggar? I can't with this! (4)
13 It should certainly hold the attention, being on the head of some woman! (10)
15 Causing a chemical change. (9)
16 and 14 across In *My Fair Lady* would it involve creating plain-song, or is it some other musical? (7,2,3,4)
18 The cut of Panama offers the sort of clue that has an uplifting influence. (7)
20 A number of Africans would understand this. (7)
21 Extremely 2 down. (4)
22 Cross-beams? (They make an interior photograph with a number of lights.) (1-4)
24 Proving one offer is in the same book. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1569

ACROSS: 1 Room at the Top; 10 Spheres; 11 Bravado; 12 Iambs; 13 In the main; 14 Cantaloupe; 16 Oxen; 18 Imps; 20 Syllabuses; 23 Tit for tat; 25 and 22 Color coding; 26 Mailing; 28 High-pressure. DOWN: 2 and 27 Of Human Bondage; 3 Marksman; 4 Testimony; 5 Habit; 6 Tracer; 7 Phalanx; 8 A stitch in time; 9 Downing Street; 15 Palatable; 17 Absconds; 19 Pettish; 21 Salt air; 24 Tag up.

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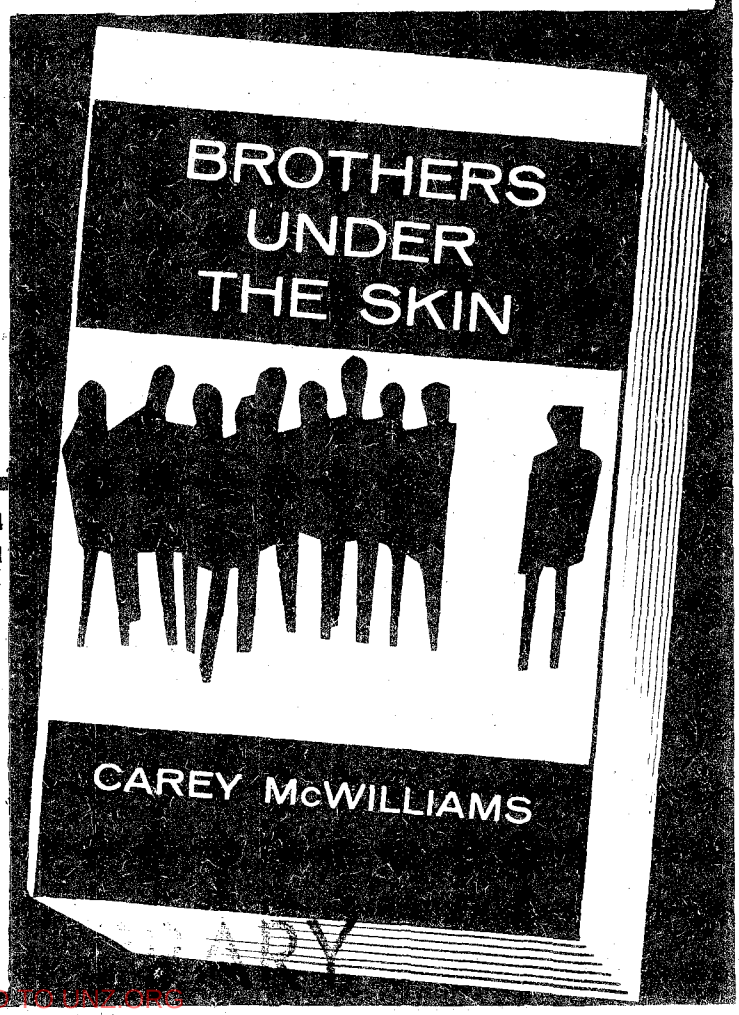

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